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Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by
Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

A Ghost That Wrecks Saloons

ALONG about this time each year, most of the fun-loving residents of Boyle, Ireland, bolt their doors tightly every night and make sure the window shutters are safely latched before they retire. And saloonkeepers are particularly nervous.

Only the bravest young men and women indulge in dancing and few invitations are being issued these days for parties that "Old Mary" might consider a little on the frivolous side.

The ancient dame has been overdue now for several weeks and the residents of Boyle are jittery as a result.

The odd character is a reformer ghost who has assertedly made her appearance in the Irish town annually, with few exceptions, for more than a quarter century.

"Old Mary" resided for many years in Boyle and was known as "the widow Kelly," a leader in the fight for temperance. Her fame was due to sensational one-woman raids on barrooms which she demolished in the best Carry Nation tradition.

She proudly welcomed "martyrdom" when a magistrate sentenced her the first time to a month in jail. But no sooner was she out again than her intolerance of "sin" caused the pious woman to break up boops-daisy dances, raid euchre games

Many an Irish Bartender Knows That a Visit by "Old Mary's" Spirit is No Joke.

and smash up beer halls. Her sentences grew longer, her fines stiffer and she began to weaken. When last sent up 25 years ago, she died in jail. On her deathbed, the Widow Kelly vowed to "come back and check up on Boyle every

No Romance Until Their Teeth Are Knocked Out

ON THE South Pacific Isle of Malekula a girl doesn't stand a Chinaman's chance of having a boy friend, much less getting married, unless she can go parading around with two of her front teeth knocked out.

To help the romance-minded lassies attain this queer standard of beauty, dentist-practicing medicine men go about bashing the girls in the teeth with stones.

Not just any old molar can be knocked out. Strict tribal rules require that it must be the two upper

central incisors.

According to Dr. Wilfrid D. Hamby of the Chicago Natural History Museum, the teeth are first loosened with a rock, and then yanked out.

"The custom is not merely an attempt to attain a curious standard of beauty," Dr. Hamby reported, "but is part of an essential social rite."



Every Malekula Maiden Gets Her Two Front Teeth Bashed Out Before She Is Eligible for Marriage.

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

GALAOR, younger brother of Amadis, was, like him, a great lover, with this difference—he worshipped no single Oriana but beautiful ladies in general.

For example: He fought the Giant of the Rock and rescued a number of damsels at once. After the duel one damsel, moderately fair, said she would continue the journey which the giant had interrupted. "Which journey was that?" asked Galaor. "To King Lisuarte's court," said she. Galaor took a good look at her. "If my brother is there," said he, "give him my love."

Another damsel, better favored, said she was going home. When he asked where that was, she invited him to come along and find out. The journey was difficult, but they arrived at last at a castle in the city of Granddares, and the lady who owned the castle was Aldeve, daughter of the King of Serolis. She was the loveliest thing Galaor had yet seen, so she entertained him until breakfast, and what became of the damsel who guided him to her, we are not told.

Next morning, when he thanked his hostess and was riding off, an evil dwarf appeared and several mounted knights, who would have murdered

single winter."

One woman, who says she has seen "Old Mary" at least 22 times, is Mrs. Martha Ann Wylder, a seamstress and church member who had known the Kelly woman well.

"She always comes in from the south brandishing a big, ugly shillalah," Mrs. Wylder says, "and makes straight for places that sell liquor."

Two whisky dispensers of Boyle, Frank L. Kennedy and Hobson Moore, Junior, have "met" the apparition twice, they insist.

"She came into my place late in the evening last year," Kennedy said,

"or at least I saw a shillalah sailing through the air. No one could have thrown it through the door because it was closed. I lost two of my last bottles of imported bourbon."

"The same night Kennedy lost his whisky," said Moore, "and almost at the identical time I felt a cold breeze and all of a sudden a good half dozen quarts of Irish whisky toppled to the floor. If it wasn't 'Old Mary' then who was it?"

Interpreted by
JOHN ERSKINE

from "Amadis of Gaul,"
the World's No. 1 Love Story.

him. They did manage to kill his horse but he helped himself to another and rode on through the forest till late afternoon, though badly wounded. Meeting at last a well-mounted squire, he asked where he could find a cure for his hurts.

"If I told you the place," said the squire, "you'd be afraid."

"Tell me," said Galaor.

"As for that," said the squire, "I shall do as I please."

"It's one thing or the other," said Galaor. "Tell me, or I'll cut your head off."

"Since you put it that way—" said the squire, leading the way.

They came to a fortress, into which entrance seemed impossible. "What shall I do now?" asked Galaor.

"Try to get in," said the squire, making off with all speed.

Before the fortress were armed men who, when he asked a remedy for his wounds, opened a narrow gate, but once he had reached the inner court they fell on him with axes and spears.

He killed three or four, and the others made such a cry that reinforcements appeared, while bystanders from the gallery windows shouted advice how to beat him down. He slew them all until only the owner of the castle was left, and with him Galaor engaged on foot, hither and yon, upstairs and down, until the fellow, hard pressed, would have saved himself by jumping out a window, but misjudging the distance he broke his neck.

Then Galaor would have pursued his journey, had not a sweet voice called from an inner room.

"Open the door!" Galaor called back.

"I would if I could," said the sweet voice.

Then he kicked the door in, and beheld a beautiful lady, lightly attired, chained by the neck. He asked where he could find a cure for wounds, and she offered to cure him promptly if he would unchain her. So they adjourned to the forest where some hunters had providentially left a comfortable tent. There they resided for some time, until he was healed.

Week after next Mr. Erskine will interpret another romantic incident from "Amadis of Gaul."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Shirley Brooks, Chicago, Illinois



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Chicago skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather... just like a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, clearer, less oily! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, can look for these Beauty Results in only 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!



"The bigger the wash, the bigger the welcome for Super Suds'

EXTRA SUDS!"

"MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, make a heavy wash seem loads lighter," says Mrs. Isabelle Evans

• "William, at left, is my oldest boy. Then comes Jean, Ann, Robert. Elizabeth is on my lap. With five like these to wash for, time is mighty precious. When I saw how much MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, Super Suds gave, I said: 'That'll sure save lots of washin' time!' I was right, too. All those EXTRA SUDS get dirt out so fast... save time and work."



"SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP WEREN'T KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER. REAL SHORT-LASTIN' 'TOO!"

"THAT UNDISSOLVED STUFF IS A REAL TROUBLE-MAKER WHEN YOU'RE RINSIN'—CAN'T BE MAKIN' SUDS, EITHER."

"JUST A MOUNTAIN OF RICH, ACTIVE SUDS FROM NEW SUPER SUDS, CHAMPION, LONG-LASTIN' SUDS, BESIDES."

"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS WERE ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A SOAP SAVING."

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

PROVE IT! Make the "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

Out of the Army — On Their Ears

4-Fs Are Made, Often in Childhood, by a Scuffle, a Fall From a Tree, a Box on the Ears—Or Even the Popping of a Paper Bag—That Hurts the Fragile Eardrum and Bares Tissues of the Nose and Throat to Infections.

By ALAN HYND

A LOVERS' quarrel over the telephone years ago, which wound up with the girl slamming down the receiver, is responsible for a stalwart, draft-age lawyer in a large Eastern city having a draft classification of 4-F today.

The sharp, metallic sound that cracked through the receiver when the girl hung up caused a slight rupture in the boy's eardrum.

Then, when he got his will-you-come-or-shall-we-call-for-you notice from Mr. Whiskers after the war broke out, Army physicians spotted the injury, which the lawyer himself did not know about, and he automatically became a 4-F.

A girl in California who tried to get into the Waves was astonished to learn that she had a perforated eardrum, an injury which apparently occurred in her childhood.

Then she recalled that as a child of seven she had lived next door to an imish little boy who had teased her by bursting inflated candy bags close to her ears. The little boy's pranks had brought on the injury.

It was Frankie Sinatra, music's gift to swoon, who recently made the nation eardrum conscious, when an induction, sawbones discovered that something far less pleasant than Frankie's voice had come in contact with one of the singer's eardrums.

Sinatra had a perforation that had never pained him or bothered him, but which could have contributed to serious permanent injury or even death had the Army placed him in close proximity to falling bombs, a coast artillery, field artillery or tank gun, or poison gas.

The eardrum, which is a sort of a sounding board through which audible impressions pass to the brain, is also a protective device that shields delicate areas of the head, nose and throat from outside infections.

A minute puncture in the drum is opening enough to permit the entrance of a fatal quantity of poison gas, since Army gas masks protect the passages of the nose but not those of the ears. The concussion of a big gun on a punctured drum makes a slight injury serious.

Eardrum rejections were old stuff to Army and Navy surgeons long before a doctor saw a 4-F punc-

Concussion of Exploding Shells Would Magnify the Slightest Injury and Incapacitate Soldiers With Punctured Eardrums.

ture in Sinatra's ear. While the services make a secret of the percentage of voluntary and involuntary applicants thumbed down by the Army, Navy, Wacs and Waves because of injured human sounding boards, it is known that the eardrum passport to rejection is by no means at the bottom of the 4-F list.

The percentage of turndowns in the Waves and the Wacs is somewhat lower than that of Army and Navy rejections. A young woman is less likely to have suffered an ear injury in childhood than a prospective soldier or sailor, since little girls do not play as roughly as little boys. A street fight, a fall from an apple tree or a box on the ears by an irritated parent often has produced a rupture in a boy's eardrum.

You only hear of the more prominent eardrum rejections, such as that of Sinatra or of Leo Durocher, the voluble skipper of the Brooklyn Baseball Bums.

Medical authorities are agreed that there is no single outstanding cause for perforated or ruptured eardrums.



the South Pacific had they blown their noses when they had running colds rather than sniffing and drawing mucus up a passage that leads to the ear.

Many a mother punctures a child's eardrum without meaning to when, in removing wax with a hairpin, she goes a little too far.

Mine workers, digging out a week's accumulation of coal dust during the Saturday night bath, often puncture their drums, and it is a known fact that sandhogs—the men who work under terrific air pressure when building tunnels

under rivers—often qualify themselves as 4-Fs without realizing it.

A civilian hunter might find himself by the backfire of an imperfectly closed gun-breech. Ear injuries in boxing, strangely enough, are often confined to external cauliflower ears. Three world heavyweight

champs—Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Joe Louis—who in their time absorbed plenty of leather in the vicinity of the auditory canals, never suffered drum injuries or they wouldn't be in three different branches of the service today.

A belt on the ear with a boxing glove, it seems, doesn't produce the injurious percussion inside of the ear that a slap by a bare hand or the explosion of an air-filled candy bag does.

There is no certain cure for a perforated eardrum, or you may be sure the service surgeons would have tried it. Whether an injury results from direct contact or percussion from without, the result is essentially the same, whether the injury is one that is painful and known about or painless and unsuspected.

Some perforations have been covered over by a cauterizing or sewing operation. But such an operation is never guaranteed. Sometimes it works; sometimes it doesn't.

Until a one hundred per cent sure method of patching up an eardrum is discovered, every war will have its Sinatras, even if they can't sing.

Gas Masks Don't Cover the Ears, Whose Eustachian Tubes, Unshielded by the Drums, Would Admit Poison Gas to the Nose and Throat.

Perforated drums are often contracted in babyhood or in early childhood by infections of the ear that are by-products of such run-of-the-mill illnesses as measles and mumps. Scarlet fever, too, frequently sets up infections that try to force their way from the system through the ears.

Even a common cold, when mucus travels upward from the nose or the throat and gets into the ear passages, can result in a drum being burst from the inside.

There are 4-Fs walking the streets today who would be in Europe or

More Bad Luck For Unlucky Count Lucci



Photo
Reprinted
from
Hollywood

PEGGY NORMAN, platinum-haired nightclub singer, isn't sure whether to get a divorce or an annulment from her husband, Count Enzo Rangoni Lucci, who turned out to be sort of no account.

"I'm going to take it up with my lawyer," she told an American Weekly reporter a few days ago. "I may be able to get an annulment right here in New York. If not, I'll go either to Reno or Florida for a divorce."

"Where is your husband now?"

"He's still being detained, as I understand it, as an enemy alien on Ellis Island."

"Do you believe he was mixed up in enemy activities?"

"Well, they don't intern people for playing gin rummy, do they?"

"Aside from that, though, you thought he was okay?"

"Not entirely. I could never quite forgive him for the way he acted when his first wife divorced him. He never defended the case, you know—and I've learned that he never intended to defend it, despite all he said. It's obvious where that left me."

Peggy was named correspondent in the divorce suit of the first Mrs. Lucci, the former Anne-Marie Konta, a New York debutante. Enzo's failure to fight the action amounted to a tacit admission of the charge. Possibly he felt that his and the correspondent's marriage, which occurred soon after the divorce was granted last spring, was the only gesture called for in the circumstances.

"Did you and the Count ever really have a chance to settle down together?" asked the reporter.

"No," said Peggy. "The FBI moved in first."

"Did he tell you he was an American citizen?"

"No. He told me he was going to become one. He didn't misrepre-

Peggy Norman, Nightclub Singer, Whose Husband, the Count, Seemed a Dr. Jekyll Till the FBI Nabbed Him for a Mr. Hyde.

sent on that score. But he certainly misled me about his political beliefs and affiliations. It's on that ground that I hope I can get an annulment."

Actually, she might have a chance for both an annulment and a divorce because Enzo seems to be two people: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

In the former role he was never quite as respectable as Stevenson's classic character, but he appeared equally harmless.

Instead of treating the ills of society, as the good doctor did, he treated the major ill of cafe society, boredom.

For he was a wit, a waggish fellow, who could always be counted on to pull a disintegrating party together, especially if the party happened to be blond and good-looking.

Take, for example, that hilarious Christmas card he sent out, showing himself sliding down a couple of bedsheets from a hotel window. Everyone who got it knew, of course, that it satirized his ex-wife's divorce suit.

With no sign of appreciation of her husband's humorous qualities, with a perfectly straight face, in fact, that wife, the former Anne-Marie Konta, had gone into court and told about a call she and some detectives had paid at a hotel room, containing, she alleged, Enzo and blond, good-looking Peggy Norman.

Preceding the visit, it was testified, detectives stationed high up in an adjoining hotel had



Count Enzo Rangoni Lucci, a Nightclub Wit, a Waggish Fellow and, According to the FBI, a Dangerous Enemy Alien.

ing Lucci at love, he was unLucci at cards.

Anyhow, he was said to have quit the game at a wee hour and gone up to the room where Peggy was by this time probably snoring away quietly.

Some of the detectives remained at the strategic opposite window, others tore themselves away and helped Mrs. Lucci pay her call.

"The Count inquired, 'Who is it?'" ran the testimony, "and one of the detectives said, 'Mrs. Lucci and her friends are here and we want to get evidence for a divorce.' Lucci refused to open the door, and we heard him talking on the phone. The hotel manager then came up with two bell-hops and threatened to have us all arrested if we did not leave. We told him that we would not make any disturbance, but that we would not leave until we got what we wanted."

A short time elapsed, when one of our operators, who was still in 343 (the room across the court) came and informed us that two sheets had been made into a rope and that Peggy

Spying from the Court, a Detective Said He Saw the Count Slide Down a Rope of Bedsheets From Pretty Peggy's Window.



was attempting to descend from the window.

"A little while later, the operative in Room 343 returned to report that Peggy did not make it but that the Count had, actually slid down the ropesheet, dropped to a terrace and escaped through a window that led to a stairway."

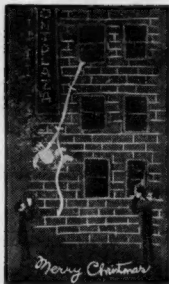
So Anne-Marie Lucci got her divorce, Peggy and Enzo got married and later Enzo got his big laugh with the Christmas card depicting his perilous descent.

Connoisseurs of nightlife jape were, indeed, inclined to rank him right up with Pepino, favorite clown of the swank El Morocco nightclub, and with Dick Knight, who turned a grand opera comic by standing on his head at a Metropolitan premiere.

However, the FBI was as lacking in a sense of humor as Anne-Marie. They didn't see the hide-ho, or Dr. Jekyll, side of the Count at all. They just saw his Mr. Hyde side.

In their books he was down as a man who had seen military service in Mussolini's army; who had worn his blackshirt uniform and led a Fascist movement in the U. S.; who had said, "It is traitorous for an Italian to become an American citizen;" who had wormed his way into the OWI and, at the time he was nabbed, was on the point of being sent to North Africa to spread propaganda.

All of which added up to a long stay on Ellis Island, where the bedsheets are tied down. Moreover, good-looking blondes are very scarce on Ellis Island and the only audience for gags is G-man E. E. Conroy, who never laughs during working hours.



Count Lucci's Not So Humorous Christmas Card.



Shy New Britain "Mary" With Her Baby, Both Victims of a Kind of Warfare They Do Not Understand.



"I Was in a Daze From the Opium in My Drinks. I Knew They Were Asking Questions I Should Not Answer But I Told Them—"

By CAPT GUSTAF JOHNSON
No. 6—Treachery in Rabaul

RABAU is a familiar spot in the South Seas to persons following the war news today, but to me the name carries me back to 1912, when I figured in a mess there that has made me leary of the place since that time.

There was a woman. Some said she was English, some Hungarian, some French. Anyway, she was beautiful—and I guess that's all a man wants to know, at first.

One saw all types of beauty there in those days—but this one I met was something special, in my eyes.

Rabaul lies close under a volcano, in an almost landlocked harbor that once was a crater. In 1937 two volcanoes buried the place under pumice and dust. The flat island of Vulcan in the bay pooped up 600 feet in one night. I guess if our airmen dropped a few blockbusters on Matupi and the South Daughter they'd go a long way towards smashing that Jap hangout once for all.

When I was there it was just two years after

the place was started. It was an ideal port, guarded by Matupi, the South Daughter and the Beehives, two rocks sticking out of the bay like Gibraltar.

And the Japs were busy even then. You'd see them under the casuarina trees on Malaguna Road, as it is called now, selling rubbish to the natives and smuggling opium and worse things to the chiefs. They started that dirty trade all over the Pacific, but the Chinese usually got the blame.

Just like they are now, the Japs always right and the Chinese the goats for every dirty thing charged up to the Nips.

I used to stay at Ah Sing's, a barn-like hotel in Chinatown. The swank European Hotel was too rich for my blood. There were other spots too,

where Yoshiwara girls twanged their samisens and made pretty about German officers and Aussies up on leave. And their men listened to every drunken whisper.

They knew when the gunboats were starting after Jap pearlers in the islands. And they knew who was buying nickel and chrome from the New Caledonia mines.

It was from Rabaul and Sourabaya that they started the boycott against the British, German and Dutch Island firms.

But let's get back to my experience in Rabaul. I still recall all the details—and they're still vivid enough so they'll be correct.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

South Seas Were NEVER Calm



The Japs Spotted Fishing Boats, Equipped with Radio Sets, and Sing-Sing Houses Where Geishas Entertained, Flattered and Asked Questions.



Don't Fear Photos

On one night in 1912 I was walking down the Avenue. It was hot under the thick mangoes, and flying foxes were swooping through the scented darkness like eagles. I almost fell over that woman's foot where she was sitting in the shade of a great poinciana.

"It is all right." Her voice was low, not much accent. And there was a perfume that a sailorman seldom meets. "You're from the Raratonga?" "Yes," I said, wondering how she knew.

"Would you take pity on a lonely woman?" That was a good one. I'd seen her surrounded by young officers night after night. I didn't know her name, but "Madame H" was the way I'd dubbed her mentally.

"Come along." She smiled and took my arm. She started out briskly and I saw a couple of buck-toothed Japs in white suits following us.

"Take me to the hotel," she said, looking back. "Them wogs bothering you?"

"No," she said quickly. "Let's hurry."

I took her to the hotel, but we'd no sooner reached the veranda when she said good night. I saw some of the men grinning at me and went out. The two Japs had disappeared.

Next afternoon, after I'd watched our crew loading coals for Sydney I was strolling towards Ah Sing's when I saw them. And they were talking to Madame H. I went over.

"These wogs annoying you, Ma'am?"

"Certainly not." She looked at me coldly. One of the wogs giggled.

"What's funny, John?" I asked him, and he backed off, looking sick.

It wasn't a week later when I met an Australian Naval officer, up in Rabaul on shore leave. I had a drink with him at the hotel.

"What's doing?" he winked. "Oh, ho!" Then he walked past me. He went up to Madame H, who was standing near the entrance. I saw them riding in a Ford car that night.

Two days later he was found in the Botanical Gardens, unconscious from drink and opium.

We were sailing next day and he came out to see the old man about a passage. He was mighty upset about something, but I didn't find out what it was until we were five days out.

I was on deck for a breather one night, when I saw him standing by the rail forward. He took a look around, then threw one leg over the rail. I jumped for him and had to fight like a tiger to get him inboard.

I got him to his cabin and he dropped on his bunk like he'd been shot. He had a good go of backbone fever, and before many minutes was raving. I stood by and heard plenty. He mumbled about Japs and spies and someone called Eulalia. Then I heard something that I won't repeat.

I nursed him like a mother until he passed the

high point and lay there soaked with sweat and weak as a kitten. Then I told him what I'd heard. "Now you know why I was going overseas," he whispered.

It appeared that the woman had taken him to a sing-sing joint near the waterfront. There were music and drinks and they had a good time. Then, suddenly he passed out.

"Opium, I think," he told me. "And I knew they were asking questions, but I couldn't help answering. I told them—"

"I know what you told them," I said.

After that they rode him close. Said they'd give him away to the authorities unless he kept them supplied with information.

I tried to persuade him to make a clean breast of it in Sydney so they could catch the spies there. But just one day out from Port Jackson he went overseas for good.

Next time I hit Rabaul I looked for that woman. I found her in the hotel. She looked pretty bad; eyes bloodshot, face pale and cried up.

"Hello, Eulalia," I said.

She jumped from her chair.

"Remember your Australian friend? He drowned himself outside Sydney Harbor."

She staggered, then fainted to the floor.

Two-three days later I saw her walking a couple of mighty prosperous-looking Americans down the Avenue. I followed them to a sing-sing place.

There was a little compound under coco palms and a hedge of hibiscus around a white bungalow, all covered with bougainvillea. A couple of Java girls, neat as dolls, were waiting to greet them.

Inside, the bungalow was decorated like a Buddhist joss house. The Java girls served drinks and when they saw me twiddled like mice.

Madame H was changed; her eyes were like stars and she laughed and joked like she was drunk. The Americans were having a good time flirting with her and the girls.

Then one of the Java girls left their party and came over to me.

"You—feller likim pipe?" she asked.

"No," I said sharply. "Makim beer."

She brought Japan beer, which is not bad. And I, like a fool, drank it. Next thing I knew I was sick as a dog and I awoke next morning at Ah Sing's, marked up like a Sepik sacrifice.

So that was the Jap spy hangout. But I dared not go to the German authorities; they'd laugh at me. Besides those babies were getting ready even then for the last war. I knew I had to do something but I didn't know what until a plan dropped right in my lap.

I caught that woman in Ah Sing's. She'd been with some Japs down the hall from my room. I saw her coming back and ducked out of my room and dragged her in.

"Make a sound and I'll strangle you," I said.

I thought she'd feel over. Her eyes were like pinpoints and she was shaking all over.

"Baby, I'm taking you to Sydney with me," I said. "You ain't doing any more spying in this port."

She choked a bit and there was a gray foam on her mouth.

"Get—me—cocaine," she managed to say.

A dope fiend! I got it out of her. She'd been working in Sourabaya with the Japan South Sea Company, which was their spy headquarters.

She got away and landed in Rabaul. There she



Narrow, Sinister Street in Sandakan, Capital of British North Borneo.

was trying to get off the stuff, but they caught her and she'd about given up hope.

One wog I'd seen following her was an agent. He offered her more cocaine and she couldn't resist it. Now they had her where they wanted her and paid her for her dirty work by keeping her doped. She led men to the sing-sing house, where they were doped and made to talk.

"Take me away," she whispered. "I'll give myself up to the Australian Government. I can tell them a lot about the Japanese."

So help me, I knew she was telling the truth. I went to my skipper and told him I was taking her to Sydney to marry her. I offered to pay her passage out of my pay and he agreed.

We had a week to wait and I hung about the hotel like I worked there. The Japs didn't like it. One night a Malay pretended to run amok and took a slice at me with a parang that would have split me right open if I hadn't been nervous as a cat. Then there was poison in my gin and my Fiji boy nearly died.

Night before we were to sail I went to the hotel.

"They're after me," she whispered. "They're under the veranda now." She was in an awful state for want of cocaine.

"Get some old clothes on," I told her.

I went to the wharf and told my skipper to pull out. He agreed to wait under the South Daughter.

"I'm not coming by the dockside," I told him.

"You wait till a canoe hails you."

Then I went back to the hotel. On the way I hired a Ford car and smuggled her into it.

"Lie down in the back seat," I told her.

"House Klap," I told the chauffeur. "Up Nanaula hill." That was for the house boys.

But as soon as we got outside the town I knocked that chauffeur out and took the wheel myself.

We passed Government House at the crest of the hill and there, below us, about 20 minutes away, was Nodup, a small coast village on the east shore.

Then we saw the lights of another car.

"They're following us," she cried.

How we got down that steep hill I don't know. When we got into Nodup the lights were getting close.

"Duck into that maniap," I said. I stopped the car and she jumped out. Then I ran on for a hundred yards, ran the car into the bush, and raced along the beach to an old wharf I knew.

I kicked some paddlers out of their hammocks. Then I ran back for the girl.

I heard a choking scream. I was too late. I found her, a mass of knife wounds, dying.

Someone came at me out of the bush. I saw something glittering in his hand.

I snatched up double handfuls of sand and when he jumped I dashed it in his face. He screamed, grabbing at his eyes. The knife dropped. I kicked him. Then I ran for the canoe.

My ship was off the South Daughter.

"Well," asked my skipper. "Yer fancy lady stand yer up?"

I reported it at Sydney, all but the part about the Australian. But they didn't believe me.

Well, they know now.

And when the Australians took over Rabaul in 1914 the Japs still stayed there.

Yes, sir, a few blockbusters down the throat of South Daughter would give us a pretty base.

And I know just where to drop 'em, too.

(Next week Cap'n Johnson tells the graphic story of Japanese pearl poachers in the Carolines.)

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Brita Would Croon But Not Swoon for Herr Goebbels

Scarcely Believing
His Luck, Herr
Goebbels Was
Ushered Into
Brita's Bedroom.
But When She
Muttered "Typhoid
Epidemic," He
Realized He Had
Been Tricked
Again.

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOV

WHEN I heard of the fantastic dance—that Brita Bager, the "Swedish Nightingale," led that pompous little ass in wolf's clothing, Joseph Goebbels, I could not but be reminded of an extremely delicate form of entertainment which, I have been told, Paris "guides" used to arrange for gentlemen of Rabelaisian tastes.

After maneuvers unnecessary to detail here, the gentlemen would find themselves looking through peepholes at one of their number who, frantically and in a most unprofessional manner, was chasing a professionally unamorous female about the room. The only difference here was that all Berlin manned the peepholes, and Goebbels quite quickly knew that he was being observed.

Goebbels first saw the singer Brita in her native Stockholm.

"With her blue eyes and golden hair," went his sales talk to the Fuehrer, "with her golden voice—and my propaganda—she can sway the world for us."

"My motto," said the 23-year-old singer, when she bade her Stockholm friends good-by, "is 'always a cool head and a cool heart.'"

In Berlin her success was instant. Hitler, who always liked blondes, publicly fell for her, ogled her—which inflamed Herr Goebbels the more. He must win this girl!

He telephoned Brita and in a voice with the click of Prussian heels in it, informed her that he was calling that night. Brita answered casually, but as soon as she had hung up, summoned the old janitress, conferred in whispers, then gave the old woman no less than a whole half-pound of

Joseph Goebbels,
the Would-Be
No. 1 Nazi Wolf.

bacon. You could get an orphan asylum burned for, less in hungry Berlin.

That night, when Goebbels was half-way up in the elevator, it stuck between floors. Not all his button-pressing, shouts and curses could bring him succor until Brita had departed for her scheduled nightly broadcast.

Expensive jewels met a like fate—returned with dry, chilly notes.

Dry ice burns, as everyone knows. Burnt, Goebbels gave Brita a huge party at the Adlon to which Brita was privileged to invite whomsoever she chose. And whom did Minister Goebbels see when he arrived, helping Brita receive, but his own lovely Frau Goebbels?

He must have recalled encouragement he got from another beauty, Corinne Luchaire, the Parisian, who encouraged his attentions in Paris, but gave her affections to Otto Abetz, German "protector."

He gave Brita all he could. He even

arranged a full-dress party, with Hitler and all the Big Men of the Party in attendance, and Brita the only soloist. Medals flashed that night, and gold braid, and not even Goering was more resplendent than Goebbels, in his general's uniform with his sword of state slung from his belt by a gold cord.

Like an idiot hen with one chick he hovered over Brita as she sat fondling her Pekinese dog, too Nordic and calm for even a Nordic. And when it came time for her to sing and she shifted the dog to Goebbels' lap, he took it for a token of favor and beamed more half-wittedly than ever.

Then he listened adoringly, so adoringly, in fact, that he never noticed the Peke gnawing the sword-loop...

The concert finished, Goebbels hastened to greet his Fuehrer, receiving in state. Triumphant, smiling, he extended his hand in salute—and the sword clanked to the floor.

"Blank-blank your little dog!" the white-faced minister exploded.

Smack! Not Nordic-cool now, Brita had slapped the Goebbels' cheek.

That night the little dog was returned with a terse note, not from Goebbels but from Goering. "If you ever need a friend, call on me."

She treasured that note. She was, she knew, driving Goebbels to homicidal madness; she might indeed need a friend.

There was the Lida Baarova affair to remember. The beautiful Czech film star had been a conquest of the

Gustav Froelich
Violently Resented
Goebbels' Attentions
to His Wife, Lida
Baarova—Then
Both Disappeared.

Corinne Luchaire,
One of the Few
Beauties Whose
Encouragement Bolstered
Goebbels' Ego.

little minister back in 1938—her actor husband Gustav Froelich ruthlessly hurled into an internment camp. Then friends of Froelich beat up Goebbels. The story leaked out—and not only Froelich but Baarova disappeared. Yes, Brita might need a friend under the circumstances—and soon.

She flew to Naples to entertain the soldiers; no sooner had she returned than a message came from Goebbels. No pretense of supplication now, no adulation or wooing.

"Be at your apartment at ten tonight," it read, "or else."

He arrived stern, haughty, smoldering. But when he was led to Brita's boudoir and saw her golden hair strewn on the pillow, her Baltic blue eyes smiling at him wistfully—when he saw that, the sternness and hauteur fled him and he was simply a fatuous, thwarted lover.

With a guttural "Ach, wunderbar!" he smothered her hand with kisses, then bent to take her in his arms.

At that moment a figure appeared in the doorway. It was a nurse.

Goebbels straightened. "What, sick?"

"Yes," Brita whispered faintly, "you know—typhoid epidemic in Naples..."

He looked at her, murder in his eyes. Then he fled.

Whereupon Brita got up and went to a nightclub.

And now she did need a friend. She sent for Goering; she had to go home, secretly and at once. Goering arranged it.

"That brat," sneered Goebbels when he heard the news, "who was going to teach Fuhrers how to make love! Why, she has about as much emotion as one of her Swedish icicles!"

Goering laughed until the medals jangled. "Even icicles melt," he roared, "if you can get near enough to warm them!"

Secrets of Antiquity Bared by Civilized Man's Bombs

WHEN G. I. shovels knifed through the weather-beaten gravel near Paestum, at the southern extremity of the Gulf of Salerno, after invasion of the Italian mainland, there was a crunch of soil and the earth moved. Soldiers slipped into a subterranean passage.

Major Lawrence M. Cook, of Dallas, Texas, Army officer in charge of the detail reclaiming gravel to build the road to Rome, hurried to the spot where his men were knee-deep. There he picked up fragments of human bones, small vases and flint knives.

As simply as that, war recently revealed a lost civilization while marring another. The discovery, made by American troops in the allied landing parties, constitutes one of the most important archeological finds.

It led to the opening of Stone Age tombs used by man perhaps as long ago as 4000 B. C.

And scientists can only speculate on what the exigencies of war, by bomb as well as the Army shovel, may yet disclose.

The chance find of Major Cook's men was the third archeological triumph of the war's destruction. Battering today's world, the forces of demolition in 1940 unearthed the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, where Cleopatra knelt in communion with the oracle. That was in Libya.

Two years later, sappers uncovered the Great Stone Dog, which was worshipped by some heathen wives of King Solomon. That was on the Mediterranean coast of Africa.

Major Cook, curious about what he saw at Paestum, sent the knives and pottery to Naples, to Dr. Amadeo Maiuri, director general of antiquities at the museum. Dr. Maiuri and Mme. Paola Zancani, discoverer of five Greek temples, hastened to Paestum.

Digging where the soldiers' shovels had pushed through, the two archeologists recovered evidence of antiquity as old—perhaps older—than any ever



American Shock Troops Advancing Past the Miraculously Preserved Greek Temple of Neptune at Paestum, Italy, Near Which a Road-Building Detail Uncovered Stone Age Relics 6,000 Years Old.



The Great Stone Dog That Howled King Solomon's Doom, Recovered by Australian Sappers. And Right—A Chance Bomb May Uncover the Key to This So Far Undeciphered Cretan Text.

before found in all of Italy.

Italian airmen opened the way to the ancient temple where Cleopatra dreamed of Julius Caesar and, later, of Mark Antony.

Three Italian planes, prowling near the border of Tripoli, spotted tents of a British garrison at the village of Agbormi, two miles from the Oasis of Siwa. They dropped bombs, missing the target, but opening up a crater. There soldiers found old ruins of tremendous size. Archeologists concluded they might be even earlier than the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon.

For years, researchers had believed there were other ruins near the temple. But fanatical Mohammedans had steadfastly refused to permit excavation, holding that white man would desecrate holy ground.

Modern Weapons Designed to Destroy Today's Culture Ironically 'Are Uncovering Priceless Relics of Life in Previous Ages

The bombing changed the attitude of the fanatics and turned the Italians' attack to good. Not only that, but the Mohammedans went to work as excavators and brought to light three tombs more than 2,000 years old, lavish with Egyptian inscriptions. They also found another, described as the domicile of a sacred crocodile.

Nobody paid much attention to the treasures until a day when a British colonel walked into the Egyptian Museum at Cairo with pieces of a Roman coffin. They were stored away for post-war study. Meanwhile, investigators established the value of the holes in the ground near Agbormi.

Australian sappers turned up the Great Stone Dog and with it a graveyard that dates back, like the Americans' discovery near the Gulf of Salerno, to the Stone Age. The Aussies were building a military railroad from Beirut to Tripoli when their drills bored down into time out of mind.

The Great Stone Dog has a fabulous tradition. There is some belief it was carved by the Phoenicians about 1,500 B. C. Other opinion dates its origin much further back.

In any event, story has it, the Great Stone Dog, weighing several tons, watched a river valley and howled at the approach of invaders.

King Solomon made the dog an idol for those of his 700 wives, and 300 concubines who wanted to worship in the manner to which they were accustomed. Dogs were revered by the Egyptians, and Solomon numbered one of the Pharaoh's own daughters among the princesses

of his household. He worshiped God, but he kept peace among his wives.

It is a long way from Solomon's day to this, longer still from the Stone Age. But the war may bridge the gap. There will be other bombings, other soldiers digging, other sappers.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean area lies the cradle of mankind. But where? A bomb may reveal it.

A well-directed hit on the island of Crete, now held by the Nazis, might solve a lesser riddle. Who sacked and burned Cnossos, its principal city, around 1,400 B. C., and destroyed the culture built during a thousand years of peace? The Cretans had bathrooms with running water, textile manufacture, sculpture and painting for centuries. Their city was leveled by some invader.

One of the things the war might turn up on Crete is the key to the inscriptions that have baffled scientists for more than 40 years. The unknown words are incised on tablets excavated from the ruins of the palace at Cnossos.

Those are only a couple unanswered questions. The war may speak up, as it already has done. Archeologists, anthropologists and ethnologists wait—and hope.



Italian Bombs Dropped Near the Oasis of Siwa, in Tripoli, Unearthed Even Older Ruins Beneath These of the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, Where Cleopatra Consulted the Famed Oracle.



Recent Finds, Scientists Hope, May Add to Knowledge of the Stone Age. Here Visioned by Artist Fernand Cornon.



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Mrs. Woolley-Hart's Heart Belongs to Uncle Sam Again



The Late Mr. Arthur Woolley-Hart, Vivienne's 4th Husband.

AFTER more than a quarter-century of luxurious exile, Mrs. Vivienne Woolley-Hart, the U. S. beauty who made such a big splash in European social waters, is going American again.

Not only has she recovered her citizenship (she was detached from it so long that people started calling her "The Woman Without a Country") but she is even now thinking of going the whole hog by acquiring an American husband.

Currently one of the chief ornaments of New York's glitter set, Mrs. Woolley-Hart has attracted a coterie of admirers, including John Jacob Astor, a rich Arizona rancher, an important New Deal politician and a couple of humble millionaires.

If and when one of these gentlemen wins her bejeweled hand, he will become her second American and fifth international spouse.

Pure patriotism is undoubtedly her major reason for contemplating another plunge into matrimony.

Nevertheless, there is no question but that a well-heeled husband would have welcome material uses at this particular time.

For, since the Foreign Exchange Control Board of the British Treasury refused to let her transfer any of her sterling assets to this country after the death of her fourth husband, a wealthy English mine-owner, she has been reduced to living on diamonds.

Following her arrival on these shores, she went to the manager of the Fifth Avenue hotel where she is stopping and handed him a mess of jewelry, saying, "There now! Don't bother me about hotel bills until after the war!"

One of her diamond rings alone—and she has several—is reportedly worth about half a million dollars, so it can be seen that she isn't in imminent danger of being bothered.

However, as between cashing in a ring every time you want to buy something and just saying, "Charge it to my husband," most women find the latter a far simpler and more economical procedure.

Mrs. Woolley-Hart's career began in Stroudsburg, Pa., where she was born to Charles Burton, a strolling English actor, and his wife, a Maryland girl.

So that she might have a real home, her parents let her be adopted by Ed-



Count Gunther von Bernstorff, 3rd Custodian of Vivienne's Heart.

ward J. Thomason, an insurance company official, of Burlington, New Jersey.

By 1906 her classic blond beauty had already won her both fame and a husband, James H. Birch, Jr., son of Burlington's leading citizen.

She and Birch were divorced in 1912 and, taking the sizable fortune left her by her foster mother, she transferred her ambitions to England, where she married Baron Walter von Radeck, son of a Prussian general.

On the outbreak of the first World War, von Radeck took her back to Germany and went off to fight with his regiment. He soon came hurrying home from the front to investigate reports that his wife was seeing a great deal of young Count Gunther von Bernstorff, son of the man who, of all Germans, was probably the most hated in this country, where he had been expelled as Ambassador.

Since the von Radecks were outclassed by the von Bernstorffs, the

outraged Baron got nowhere at all with his complaints. In fact, Vivienne soon divorced him and married Count Gunther.

By this act she incurred the stern disapproval of most of her countrymen and lost her citizenship. Then, by divorcing von Bernstorff (who, incidentally, is now cooling his heels in a Brazilian concentration camp) she incurred the enmity of most of the Germans.

Her fourth marriage, to the 69-year-old English coal baron, Arthur Woolley-Hart, extricated her from all

The Guest of Honor at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's Famous Garden Party Was Rosie the Elephant, Who Unseated a Maharajah, Dunked Her Trunk in the Punch and Caused the Aristocratic Guests to Disbelieve Their Eyes.



these bothersome difficulties.

Her beauty and barbed repartee plus her fourth husband's millions and social position made her a woman with whom it was more politic to be friends than enemies.

As Mrs. Woolley-Hart, she soon established herself as one of England's foremost party-givers, and of all her parties the most famous was one she gave for a group of visiting Maharajahs.

"I made all my English friends come in their tiaras," she recalls, "and I rented an elephant named Rosie from a country circus to put in the garden. I thought the Maharajahs would feel more at home with an elephant."

This supposition proved incorrect, though Rosie was unquestionably the hit of the party. In the first place, she had to be hoisted, by means of a derrick, into the garden around which the Woolley-Harts and other fashionable Prince's Gate homes are built.

Several policemen who happened by in the midst of the hoisting objected strenuously, on the ground that posing elephants at parties was barbaric.

"I didn't pay any attention," says Mrs. Woolley-Hart, "I just got down on my knees and cranked the derrick."

The moment Rosie hit the ground, she gave chase to Mr. Woolley-Hart and the policemen, none of whom came back. Rosie, however, was induced to remain for the party, at which she entertained by blowing a mouth organ and shaking the daylight's out of the Maharajah of Cochin Behar, who had ill-advisedly undertaken to ride her.

After that, she wandered around idly, upsetting chairs, sampling the punch and nudging the forms of prostrate guests with her gilded tusk. She concluded both her performance and the party by sticking her trunk through the dining-room window of an adjoining house. Of the people who were having dinner in the room at the moment, two ladies fainted and a rather gouty old peer cried: "James, me hat and coat! I'm seeing things again!"



Four-Times-Married Mrs. Vivienne Woolley-Hart; (Right) the Maharajah of Cochin Behar, Who Was Embarrassed by Rosie.



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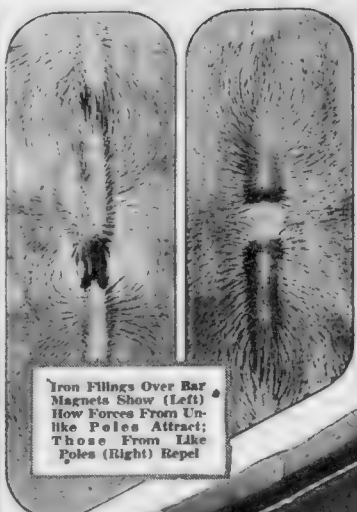
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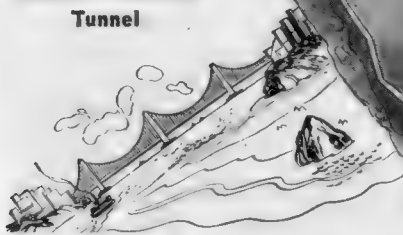
Magnetic Repulsion, Which Suspends This Metal Plate in the Air, Will Suspend Tomorrow's Vacuum Tube Trains.



Iron Filings Over Bar Magnets Show (Left) How Forces From Unlike Poles Attract; Those From Like Poles (Right) Repel

SPEED

Not by Air Or on the Ground, Predicts Dr. Langmuir, Nobel Prize Winner, But in a Luxurious Magnet-Propelled Train Whisked Through a Frictionless Vacuum Tunnel



By GORIND BEHARI LAL

THE taxi drops you off at the tube terminal in New York City. You buy a ticket and step into the car. It's a long tubular room, reminiscent of a luxurious railroad coach, with seats in which you can lean back until you are almost reclining. There are no windows, but a soft glow from concealed lights makes the room cheery.

In a few minutes the other seats are filled and the car starts. The acceleration is gradual but continuous, and you begin to feel as though a soft weight were pressing against you. You lean back and are more comfortable. In about three minutes there is no more acceleration and your body feels normal again.

You wander into the club compartment for a drink. When you have sipped the first one, you push your glass forward for a refill but the bartender doesn't think there'll be time. He advises you to go back to your seat. You do, and pretty soon there's that feeling of weight again, only this time from the opposite direction. Then the car stops. You're in San Francisco. You look at your watch. The trip has taken just one hour.

Sure it's impossible—now. But one of America's foremost scientists, Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner and associate director of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Schenectady, N. Y., doesn't think there'll be anything impossible about pneumatic-tube travel after the war.

Because of the elimination of friction and air resistance, almost incredible speeds of from 2,000 to 5,000 miles an hour would be obtainable in the airtight vehicles. The wheel-less coaches would

be suspended in the center of the tube by magnetic force. They would be propelled by electro-magnetic power at the rate of from 33 to 84 miles a minute, or even faster.

"There is no physical barrier standing in the way of transforming such an idea into reality," Dr. Langmuir says.

There are, of course, a good many other barriers, such as the expense of constructing a huge hermetically-sealed tube stretching from one side of the continent to the other.

Some engineers feel, however, that the prospect of building such a roadway with all the facilities we have today should not be any more formidable than the task of laying ties and rails through trackless-wastes for the first transcontinental railroad.

It's all in answer to America's constant demand for speed, speed and more speed. The stagecoach was cumbersome and pretty hard on the epidermis as well as the nerves, but it was a lot faster than the covered wagon. The first trains crawled along from water tank to water tank, but they got people places in more of a hurry.

The time came when locomotives raced from ocean to ocean, dragging along strings of Pullmans across the continent in four or five days and folks began to talk about the hectic rate at which America moved.

The airplane got into long pants and began to tie itself up with the railroads. Flying by day and riding in Pullmans by night, you could get from Hell Gate to the Golden Gate in a hop, skip and a jump—if the weather was all right.

Now streamlined expresses will whisk you from Broadway to Market St. in less than 70 hours and commercial planes will do the same trick in less than 20—if you don't get bumped off by someone with a higher priority.

After the war, the airlines are figuring on 10-

hour schedules from coast to coast, but they'll be 20th century pony expresses compared with the 60-minute lightning transportation envisioned by Dr. Langmuir.

Speed costs money, and the vacuum-tube mode of travel would be no exception. Dr. Langmuir agrees that the project would cost many millions and might involve years of labor, but he feels that merely makes it all the more feasible.

"Right now we need tremendous projects to help solve the unemployment problems that will arise after the war," he points out. "Of course, airplane manufacture will probably occupy the same place in industry after this war that automobile manufacture did after the last one. Millions of radios and refrigerators and oil burners will have to be replaced, too."

"But that sort of thing provides work for only a certain portion of our populace. We need projects that will employ unskilled workers as well as mechanics and technicians. New roads and new pipelines for oil will take up some of the slack, but something vast and visionary, like a tube tramway across the continent, would do much to keep our postwar economy on an even keel."

Despite the tremendous length and volume of a coast-to-coast tube, Dr. Langmuir believes that pumps could expel virtually all air from its hermetically-sealed interior. The amount left would be only a few millionths of the normal atmospheric pressure, and as far as providing any resistance is concerned, the interior would be a vacuum.

Floating in the center of the tube, like the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights, would be a long tubular coach, divided into compartments. The magic of magnetic attraction and repulsion would keep it suspended in space, touching neither the bottom, the ceiling nor the sides of the tube.

As almost everyone knows, all magnets, whether horseshoe or bar-shaped, have both a north and a south pole. The like poles repel each other and the unlike poles attract each other. The greater the magnetic force, the greater is the at-

Passengers in the Proposed Airtight Coach Loll Back at Ease Watching a Telecast or Sipping a Tall Drink While Giant Electro-Magnets Bring It Up to a Speed of From 2,000 to 5,000 M.P.H., Then Let It Coast Through the Silent, Frictionless Vacuum Tube Stretching Across the Continent.

Tomorrow—Coast to Coast in 60 Minutes



Electro-Magnet in the Tube Ceiling Acting as a "South" Pole PULLS the "North" Unit in the Car Forward. Then Changes Polarity as the Unit Passes and PUSHES It On.

traction or repulsion of magnetized objects. The Alnico magnets, developed at the General Electric laboratories in a basic discovery made in Japan, hold remarkable amounts of magnetism permanently. Alnico is an alloy consisting of aluminum, nickel, cobalt and iron. Some Alnico magnets can lift from 500 to 4,500 times their own weight of magnetized materials.

And almost every day science is finding out something new about magnetism. The newest theory—that pure magnetic current exists in much the same form as electrical current—may bring the transcontinental vacuum tube even nearer than Dr. Langmuir sees it. This theory was advanced and demonstrated to the American Physical Society in New York at its most recent meeting by Prof. Felix Ehrenhaft, noted Vienna physicist, who declared he had proof that not only electric currents but magnetic currents flow throughout the universe.

After viewing the demonstration, which many hailed as the greatest advance in physics since the discovery of the principle of the dynamo by Michael Faraday 113 years ago, one leading physicist said that we should now be able to double the possibilities of building machines.

For every electrical machine now in existence, he said, it would be possible to build a machine utilizing magnetic instead of electric current.

Prof. Ehrenhaft told the society that his experiments disposed of a 700-year-old notion that magnetism has direction but no motion. The tests, he declared, showed for the first time that there exist single magnetic charges, either north or south, and that magnetism flows just as electricity does.

It was Dr. Langmuir who designed an exhibit at the New York World's Fair which demonstrated the power of magnetic repulsion. Visitors to the General Electric building saw a spectacular example of levitation, in which a heavy metal disc was suspended in the air, apparently in defiance of the laws of gravity.

The apparatus, built at Dr. Langmuir's suggestion and under his direction, had as its keystone a hidden electro-magnetic generator in which magnetic forces were created by the flow of electric currents around an iron core.

Above this device the disc floated gracefully, kept aloft by the pushing power of the magnet. Spectators were able to pass their arms above and below the platter to satisfy themselves that no invisible wires kept it in the air.

It is a comparatively easy jump from this bit of electrical legerdemain to the problem of keeping a coachful of passengers suspended in a tube. Dr. Langmuir envisions a series of electrical units projecting down from the ceiling of the tube, matched by a similar set of units on the top of the suspended car.

The north pole of the ceiling unit would attract the south pole of the coach and repel its north

To Americans of the Covered Wagon and Stagecoach Era the idea of a Transcontinental Railroad Seemed as Visionary as Today's Conception of Travel in Vacuum Tubes—Yet They Lived to See It Become a Reality.



pole. With the use of alternating current, the characteristics of the ceiling units would switch from "north" to "south" as the electrical cycles change.

Electronic devices, some of them still in the process of development, would keep the floating coach from rising or falling or tilting sideways while it flashed through the tube at speeds which are almost beyond our comprehension.

The original propulsive power would be supplied by the same units which keep the car in suspension. As the current changed, and the polar characteristics were altered, the coach would alternately be pushed and pulled forward with constantly increasing momentum.

After it had attained the desired speed, no motive power would be necessary, according to the calculations of the designer. With no air to offer resistance and no friction to slow it down, the coach should be able to coast for hundreds if not thousands of miles. Only gravity would create any drag, and Dr. Langmuir believes the speeding car would rest on its magnetic bed as it might rest on a cushion of air.

In theory, there is virtually no limit to the speed which might be attained. Practically, however, it would be silly to attempt too great a speed in the comparatively short distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific, because too much of the trip would have to be spent in acceleration and deceleration.

"Wheeled vehicles, traveling on the surface, have definite speed limits," Dr. Langmuir says, "even though we may not yet have approached them. In the air, too, there is a maximum speed

which may be attained by planes which are pushed or pulled by propellers. After the propeller reaches a certain number of revolutions per minute, it churns the air without gaining any additional headway. "Personally, I do not know how fast one of the new rocket planes can go, and even if I did know it would be a military secret. Quasi-scientific writers have been assuring us for years that rocket planes would take us to other planets eventually at speeds limited only by the imagination of the author.

"That may be true, but I think we are dealing there with unknown quantities. However, there is no fundamental reason why we couldn't travel in a vacuum tube at a speed of from 2,000 to 5,000 miles an hour on the basis of experiments which have already been made."

The first question that any prospective tube traveler would ask would be the effect, if any, of such speed on the organs and nervous systems of the car's passengers.

The answer is that there would be no ill effect or even any noticeable symptom as long as

the coaches were moving at a uniform speed. Everyone knows that people who live on the equator travel 25,000 miles every 24 hours with the spinning earth. Our globe races around the sun and the whole solar system rushes on madly through celestial space.

It is not speed which gives us that queasy feeling, but acceleration or deceleration. Dr. Langmuir believes that the vacuum-tube coach could pick up a speed of 2,000 miles an hour in three minutes and still not cause any undue hardship to its occupants.

During this period, the body would feel a steady pressure, as if its own weight had been increased by 30 per cent. Breathing would be a little difficult and people with easily-upset stomachs might get a trifle green around the gills.

There would be another brief period of discomfort while the coach was being slowed down, with its magnetic units serving as brakes. But at either end of the trip, Dr. Langmuir says, the tube traveler would feel no greater stress than that encountered by plane passengers when their craft bumps over a series of air pockets.

So just step aboard, folks. Plenty of seats up ahead. No crowding, please. Chicago in 30 minutes. San Francisco in an hour. Commuters' trains at regular intervals. Take a dip in the Pacific before breakfast and be at your desk in Manhattan in time to open the morning mail.

This is the age of speed and anything can happen.



Armour *helps make the most of meat*



Play Fair with Your Food Share

Use all the food you buy

Don't let leftovers spoil in your refrigerator or on your pantry shelf. You can turn leftover foods into attractive, nourishing dishes. Here is a good example, from the Armour kitchens.

Chop Suey

- 3 tbsps. drippings or margarine
- 12 oz. diced leftover pork (2 cups)
- 1 cup sliced onion
- 1½ cups sliced celery
- 2 tbsps. salt
- 2 tbsps. Vitalox
- 2 tbsps. soy sauce
- 1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1 tsp. cornstarch

Brown meat and onion in fat. Add celery, salt, Vitalox and 2 cups of water. Simmer for 25 minutes. Add cabbage and soy sauce and cook for about 4 minutes or until cabbage is almost tender. Moisten cornstarch with water. Add to chop suey mixture and cook until clear. Serve over Chinese noodles or rice. S-6 servings.



Armour gives you these suggestions to share precious food and conserve the vital food supply

Today, food is one of America's most important weapons. It's the fuel of our fighting men and our fighting allies. It helps keep our home front healthy and strong.

No all of us must do all we can to protect the food supply.

Armour and Company is supplying its share of the meat our armed forces need... and, by efficient processing and distribution, doing everything possible to provide enough meat for the home front.

This is our responsibility to you.

You have an equal responsibility in your own home. By careful buying, by efficient, thrifty use of your ration points, you can help make sure there will be enough meat and other necessary foods for everyone.

On this page, Armour shows you several basic ways to share and play fair with food. Follow these suggestions... and you will help contribute to an earlier victory.



Buy only what you need

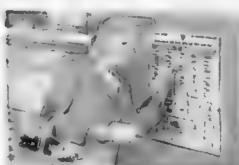
Shop wisely. Get the most food value from every ration point. Follow these meat buying rules developed by our home economists:

For chops, steak or ground meats, buy just enough for your family. Allow ¾ lb. fresh or dry sausage per serving. ¾ lb. boneless and ground meats, ¾ to 1 lb. for meats with some bone, ¾ to 1 lb. for meats with lots of bone.



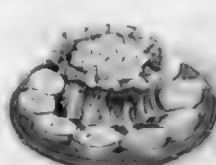
Avoid black markets

They aren't fair to your dealer or to you. Black markets deprive your dealer of part of his share of good, wholesome meat... and thus reduce the amount of meat available for your family. Help stamp out black markets by accepting your fair share of meat... by using plentiful, low-point cuts... by giving ration stamps for every rationed food you buy.



Don't pay more than ceiling prices

For any food. Those prices are posted in your dealer's store. Look for them whenever and wherever you shop. If you want to help avoid inflation, if you want to make sure there'll be enough food to go around, follow those posted prices on every food item you buy... and don't pay more for any food. That way, you'll play fair with food.



Discover the plentiful foods

There are many types and cuts of readily available meat at your dealer's now. They're low in points, but high in nutrition, and appetizing goodness. Ask your dealer about them. And use this list prepared in the Armour kitchens as a guide: pork or beef hearts... kidneys... lamb or veal breast... beef short ribs... beef plate... pork liver.



Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages,
Star Canned Meats, Cloverleaf Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs

At the Very Spot Predicted, the Great Rock Fell, Barring Their Path, and the Mysterious Lama Appeared With Hand Uplifted in Warning.



The 13th Dalai Lama Left a Pretender on the Throne, Researchers Assert.

Where Is the 13th Dalai Lama?

Strange New Evidence, Mr. Sheppard Reveals, Supports the Mystic's Story He Really Fled to Sanctuary in the Andes

By J. M. SHEPPARD
American Weekly Correspondent
in Ecuador

QUITO, Ecuador. THERE is good reason to believe that some of the world's great mystics are speaking the truth when they affirm that the 13th Dalai Lama is NOT lying in a crypt in Tibet but instead is hiding in a new and maybe even holier retreat atop an unexplored peak in the South American Andes.

The rumor that this is the case has been circulating ever since the supposed death of the Dalai in 1933.

Its chief proponent has been a North American Yogi, who studied under Gandhi and spent five years with the priests in Tibet. He insists that the Dalai Lama foresaw a new world catastrophe and preferred to disappear rather than watch calamity overtake the 10,000,000 Tibetans and Chinese over whom he held temporal, as well as spiritual, suzerainty.

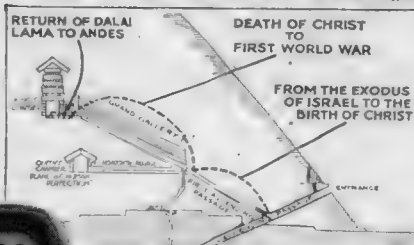
Another authority, Brown Landone of the Landone Foundation, gives March 6, 1922, as the actual date on which the Dalai Lama allowed a subordinate to take his place and name, and moved with a retinue of his most trusted monks and abbots to the Andes, where, according to the book, "Prophecies of Melchizedek," the cult of Lamaism had its origin.

The Teleols circles in the Temple of the Mystics of the Egyptian Pyramids even predicted the return of the Dalai Lama from Tibet to the order's original home in another land.

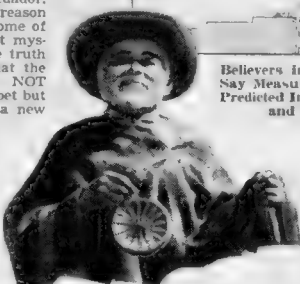
By chance, I recently received strange confirmation of the rumors.

It came from "Brother John," an American hermit who spends most of his time praying and fasting in mountain retreats. Annually, Brother John visits my chalet in the Ecuadorian highlands. On his last appearance, he stayed only a short time because his "voice," he said, was calling him back to the mountains.

February 20, 1944



Believers in the Great Pyramid Prophecy Say Measurements of the Passages Have Predicted Important Past Historical Events, and Foretell Ones to Come.



The Lama of the Andes With His Tibetan Prayer Wheel.

On the last night of his visit he told me this story, which I relate as nearly as I can, in his own words:

"For 84 days I wandered through a range northeast of here. I do not know whether I was in Colombia or Ecuador. I lived on roots and herbs, slept in caves and mapped the mountains and valleys on the parchment that I always carry.

"One night I awoke with a feeling that something was happening and went out of the cave to gaze at the heavens. A huge mountain I will show you on my map—loomed above the valley and high up I could see a brilliant light, a veritable fire-ball.

"It was far above the snow line, and its orange light glowed steadily, perfectly round. As I watched, it went out, but I continued to gaze and soon it reappeared. Five times that night it showed itself.

"As daylight approached, I took a short nap but it was fitful and when I

awoke I decided to find the origin of the light.

I climbed all that day, found another cave in which to spend the night, and was up early next morning, plodding on and up. There was a trail, indicating that others had traversed this mountain.

"At three in the afternoon, as I rounded a sharp turn, a boulder several hundred pounds in weight

crashed just in front of me. I paused, and I saw a figure approaching.

"He was garbed like the mountain Quichua Indians, but he was no Indian. His eyes had a decided Mongolian cast and in his hand he carried an object I recognized as a prayer wheel.

"I said 'Buenos tardes'—good afternoon—but before I could say more he held up his hand and addressed me, to my astonishment, in English.

"I have come to tell you," he said, "that you must go no further. There is a derrumbe (landslide) ahead and large stones are falling continuously." I protested because I had determined that I would go to the top.

"He interrupted me. 'Then I must put it to you bluntly,' he said. 'You cannot climb this mountain. I see you are a holy man. Respect the privacy of other holy men. Go in peace.' Then he went his way."

Brother John's story immediately reminded me of the many tales about the 13th Dalai Lama. Accordingly, I determined to make an

investigation of the strange story. Following a crude map I had obtained from my visitor, I started out with two of my men.

It was five days later when we got there. I looked up toward the snow-capped summit. About four or five thousand feet up, I made out something that Brother John hadn't mentioned. It was a jagged hole, almost circular, that pierced the mountain, like the eye of a needle.

When darkness came we slept but we were up at dawn. It happened about three o'clock, almost the exact time it happened to the hermit.

Armando, who was in the back, shouted "Cuidado!" Look out! I turned my horse back sharply. A huge boulder came hurtling and tumbling down in front of us.

"This is it," I thought. At that moment the man walking down the path was the man Brother John had described.

I will not bore you with the rest. It was too much like the experience of my hermit friend, only this time the soft-voiced stranger with the slanting eyes spoke in Spanish. He was so firm, so calm, so earnest that I followed his advice unhesitatingly. Perhaps the 13th Dalai Lama does dwell in peace and holiness near that lonely crest, far from a world gone mad. If so, the 6-year-old peasant lad who was crowned his successor in 1940 might be considered a usurper. Certainly he would be no more a usurper than the man who assertedly died as the 13th Dalai Lama in Tibet.

Those are things for someone else to worry about. All I know is what I have related here.

The 6-Year-Old Tibetan Crowned Dalai Lama in 1940. Is He a Usurper?



Rare Photograph of the Dalai Lama's Palace in the Forbidden City at Lhasa.

© Nat. Geog. Soc.

"I Traded in My Heart" By Peggy Fears



The Familiar "Hello Sucker" Was Missing When Texas Guinan Welcomed Peggy and Warned Her Against Larry Fay, Yet It Was in Texas' Romy Nightclub That the Two Finally Met and Peggy Refused His Offer of an Imported Car.

CHAPTER VIII

I CAME back from Hollywood to the most thrilling home-coming I could imagine. Flo Ziegfeld treated me as if I were his long lost child, sent me roses with 4-foot stems, a case of champagne and a basket of press clippings. Every dramatic page in New York had headlined PEGGY COMES HOME!

But too soon the phone began ringing. Blumey called from Los Angeles. "What do you mean by running out on Warner? Don't you know Jack Warner can sue you?"

"Let him sue! Ziggy will protect me!" I replied. "I'm back where I belong and that's all I care about!"

"Don't you care about your car? Do you think \$5,000 cars grow on Broadway lampposts?"

I didn't want to talk to him or to anyone connected with films!

"I have only one request, Peggy," Ziegfeld asked. "Never see A. C. Blumenthal again."

The Hollywood episode has cured me forever!

"I've given orders for him to be refused admittance backstage," Ziggy added grimly.

I said that I was glad to hear it and at the time I meant it. But Blumey wired, phoned and sent flowers daily. He said that he sent the flowers with Warners, that he was miserable because business kept him away from me. I began to relax, believing he would not come to New York, but Blumey never relaxed. He reminded me of himself regularly—until I thought of him as I rehearsed with Charles King, listening to Rudolph Friml's music and Irving Caesar's and Gene Buck's lyrics, during week-ends with Arthur Hammerstein and his dimpled movie star wife, Dorothy Dalton, on Long Island.

In the excitement of a rivalry over me between Al Jolson and George Jessel in Atlantic City, where our show opened, Blumey sent me a car, driven by his own chauffeur! When "No. 1" opened at the Globe in New York it was all Ziggy hoped it would be. The streets echoed with my songs, women copied my clothes, even the streak of blonde in my hair was duplicated by actresses and socialites!

In the midst of my triumph—Blumey arrived. He called backstage and brought along his, Nanette Burton, whose daughter was one of my closest Texas friends and had married, Amen Carter, well-known Ft. Worth newspaper publisher. My embarrassment over their being refused admittance turned to fury!

I went to Ziggy with fire in my eye. He wouldn't let me talk, saying: "Don't say a word. Just read these." He shufled a stack of papers on his desk.

I saw that the papers were all marked "Confidential." They were reports from a detective, who recorded Blumey's history, past and present. I read fascinated and amazed. The reports seemed to prove that Blumey was in financial difficulties and I believed him wealthy!

"Your episode in Hollywood was engineered by Mr. Blumenthal," Ziggy said. "You're making \$1,000 a week now and have my permission to supplement it with movie agents at First National Studios in the Bronx. Do you think it fair to allow Blumenthal to influence you—or to mark you now?"

"I'll never see him again," I promised. "I'll concentrate on my career."

"Your career and some charming millionaire. Another Peggy is going all right. Peggy Joyce has received a gold dinner service, a foreign car, two diamond bracelets, a private house on 60th Street and a gold police whistle, to use if she's frightened!"

I tried to laugh, and I promised with all sincerity not to see Blumey.

Herbert and John Locke, Wall Streeters, were most attentive to me—as well as to Mary Eaton, Ona Munson and Peggy Joyce. Herbert sent me a foreign car, complete with chauffeur and footman. During a fitting at a dressmaking shop one afternoon an envelope with five \$1,000 bills and a typed, unsigned note arrived for me. The note said, "This should buy you a few dresses." I phoned Herbert, who denied sending the money, so I gave the bills to the dressmaker!

After endless wires and calls and presents I accepted a cocktail date from Blumey.

—drove to the Ambassador in my car, replete with chauffeur and footman. Blumey came out to meet me—white and angry. He wanted to know why I had accepted such a gift.

Blumey arrived at the Mayfair that night with Judith Anderson. The Lockes were giving a party and they joined us. Blumey told the Lockes he would prove them dishonest unless they left me alone.

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Herbert Locke (Above), Suspected of Sending Peggy Those Mysterious \$1,000 Bills (and) Larry Fay, Who Deluded Her With Gifts of the Costliest Perfumes.

I tore open the envelope. Inside were five \$1,000 bills and an unsigned note saying, "This should buy you a few dresses." My suspicions warned me to have no part of that Five Thousand, So I Handed It to My Flabbergasted Dressmaker.

"Put this raincoat on, you fool," he said, "or you won't be able to sing tomorrow night, either!"

He disappeared in the crowd and all the way back to New York in my soggy clothes I was miserable, fearing Ziggy would fire me. He didn't.

Blumey asked me to the Dempsey-Turney fight in Philadelphia and I said I'd go. Immediately I got \$5,000 on Lempey and began begging Ziggy to let me go.

Ziggy refused, so at five the afternoon of the fight night I left word at the theatre that I was too ill to work in the show that night.

All through the elaborate dinner, and when we were in our ring-side seats I thought of Ziggy and looked anxiously about the crowd, hoping to see him before he saw me. Then Turney sang and I climbed onto my seat and yelled, oblivious to the rain streaming over me, until someone tried to control my frenzy. Through torrents of rain washing over my face and down my neck I turned and looked into Ziggy's face. He was holding a cork-

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The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them



Peggy Fears, Whose Homecoming Was Married.

money into a bucket with a hole in it!" I told him. He hung up and a little later the company manager, Tommy Bodkin, warned me that I'd get my money the minute I arrived at the theatre.

"Tommy, please tell Mr. LeMaire that I just told you to hand in my notice for me."

The Mystery of the Troubled TOMB

The Edwards' Paris Home Where, Just After the Funeral, a Visitor Was Shocked by a Revolting Masquerade.



Lantelme's Tomb, Twice Violated By Unknown Ghouls.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

A SHIPBOARD disappearance from a millionaire's yacht, the victim a beautiful stage star, the tombstone in a Paris cemetery these are the melodramatic ingredients which made France's strangest mystery, The Case of Genevieve (Ginette) Lantelme.

The story begins on the night of July 24, 1911, with the yacht, *Aimee*, cruising up the Rhine. Aboard were the owner, Alfred Edwards, newspaper tvecon, founder of the influential Paris *Matin*; his lovely wife, Ginette, toast of the European stage as the "Divine Lantelme"; Cu villier, the composer; De Losques, a relative, and several other close friends.

With the Dutch frontier astern, and the *Aimee* between Emmerlich and Wesek, a thunderstorm drove the merry-makers to the *Aimee's* lounge.

Ginette entertained. "Gina," as she was affectionately known, was a sparkling hostess. Perhaps she mirrored the part that had won her fame at the Odeon Theatre in "The Dance of the Three Sultans," or recited her lines from "Zaza." The Pol Roget flowed.

Several guests retired. Some time around one o'clock, Ginette went to her stateroom. Here the story blurs, for one version has Alfred Edwards go to the forward parlor; another places Edwards, his friend Cu villier, and Captain Mayet together in the lounge. According to this last, the Captain suddenly looked up, startled. Cu villier lowered his glass. "You heard something?"

"Below decks, amidship. I thought I heard a frightened cry."

Alfred Edwards hurried down to the lower deck.

The publisher's subsequent account was that he went to the master stateroom and found the door closed and locked. He forced the door open.



Alfred Edwards and (above, right) Ginette, "The Divine Lantelme."

From the *Aimee*, the weekly reception of famous guests that Ginette's intelligent and beautiful presence detected.

"Ginette drowned Edwards very ill—Await you at Emmerlich."

Dr. Dauriac joined the party on the Rhine. He found Edwards on the verge of nervous collapse.

As the *Aimee* was in German territory, the German authorities supervised the hunt for the body. Officially, the tragedy was dated: "Night of July 24-25, 1911." On the morning of July 26, Lantelme's body was found at Ober Meermetter.

Edwards refused to talk. One report held Ginette's death a suicide. A Paris paper referred to a "mysterious accident." Finally Edwards made

Ginette's evening gown was out on the carpet. Partly open was the cabin port a casement window type. The "Divine Lantelme" was gone from the cabin.

Edwards rushed to the deck and plunged fully clothed into the Rhine. A powerful swimmer, he circled the yacht, diving and plunging, shouting his wife's name. Finally the sailors dragged him into a lifeboat. Of his vanished wife there was no trace.

Cu villier dispatched a telegram to Edwards' private physician, Dr. Dauriac, in Paris.

a statement to the Temps, declaring that his wife had fallen overboard, and that he himself had tried to commit suicide in despair at losing her.

The official German police decision was "Death due to accidental drowning." Edwards, with Dr. Dauriac, accompanied Ginette's soiled coffin back to Paris. But a curious air of mystery continued to cloud the affair when Havas News Agency published a report that the accident had occurred two days before the date reported by the yachtmen.

What had happened to Lantelme on that fatal night, Paris speculated. Hardly had the funeral cortege conducted the actress' body to the Edwards vault in the Cemetery Pere Lachaise, when ugly rumors began to circulate.

Alfred Edwards was part Levantine. He had assumed the reputation of a Caliban by many; these, some said four, times. In France he had affectionately nicknamed him "Bluebeard."

Another strange aspect was the fact that Edwards, supposedly a millionaire, suffered huge losses shortly after his wife's death.

The day before Christmas, six months after poor Ginette's burial, Paris awakened to read an incredible front page story. Lantelme's tomb had been violated. On the night of the 23rd, ghouls had broken into the mausoleum, pried open the vault, torn the lid from the coffin. But the body in the casket was undisturbed. A packet of pearls remained under the casket pillow. Yet coffin decorations and shroud pieces in the tomb had been smashed. Beside the coffin was found a can of ether

Discovered by a cemetery guard, the vandalism was furthered by fire when grave-diggers, fearing gasses, tossed a lighted torch into the open crypt. An alarm brought the pom-poms, who flooded the tomb to extinguish the fire. Once again poor Lantelme was drowned.

H. J. Greenwall, London crime reporter covering the Paris sensation, cornered a close friend of Edwards, a playwright who had been aboard the *Aimee*. The Frenchman said:

"I believe that Edwards and Gina had a quarrel in the heat of which, by accident, he pushed her through the cabin window."

"One night, not long after the funeral, I called at the villa. I was shown into a room which was lined from floor to ceiling with photographs of his dead wife. Suddenly the door opened. Ginette Lantelme walked in! 'But you are dead!' I gasped."

"Then I saw it was not Lantelme, but a woman made up to look like her. Her name was Mlle. Therenet; she confessed Edwards had hired her to play the role of his dead wife."

Edwards' secret was buried with him in March, 1914. He left his fortune to Mlle. Romano, an actress. But Ginette was to make a final curtain call! June, 1918, The Germans hammering at Verdun. The Edwards vault was once more broken into!

Again Lantelme's casket was cut open, her head and shoulders exposed.

To this day her death and her twice-invented crypt remain an unsolved puzzle to the French police. At her husband's side, fair Gina—the "Divine Lantelme"—at last lies undisturbed in that quietude invoked by the inscription on their tomb:

Requies Aeterna—Eternal Peace.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



DON'T WORRY

about Vitamins and Minerals

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this: Ovaltine is one of the *richest* food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic* food substances absolutely necessary for good health. Complete proteins, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need—but also all the *extra* *basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING



SCALP ODOR not you?



Perhaps your pillow
knows different

Are you *sure* you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—and not know it. Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp... soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



Rub your
Absorbine Jr.
in... a little
goes a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints"? Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at all drug stores, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Read The American Weekly



Made Her Living Peddling the Time

THE recent death at Wallington, England, of 89-year-old Elizabeth Belville brought to an end the career of the world's oldest saleswoman—a kindly, gray-haired spinster who made her living selling the correct time.

For over a half century, she was one of the most familiar figures in London, where three times a week she made the rounds of factories, business houses and shops marketing her unusual commodity.

Her only stock-in-trade was a century-old watch—a timepiece once owned by the Duke of Sussex—which she affectionately called "Arnold," and which kept perfect time to within one-tenth of a second.

On every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Miss Belville visited the Greenwich Time Observatory where she received a certificate testifying to Arnold's accuracy.

Then she would visit factories and utility concerns along the Thames, watchmakers in the City and the Strand, and business houses and shops in Bond Street, Regent Street, and homes in swanky Mayfair. Wherever she went, clocks were carefully synchronized with Arnold. Each place of business

paid her a retaining fee for bringing in the correct time.

Some 15 years ago when an electrical time service was established in London, it was thought that it would doom her business, but it did not. Old established concerns, which had been buying time from Miss Belville for more than 50 years, and from her father and mother before that, kept right on.

The watch came into the Belville family when her father acquired it in 1836 and started up the unusual time-purveying business. The timepiece, not much larger than those marketed today, had been made for the Duke of Sussex, son of King George III, by the Royal Watchmaker A. J. Arnold.

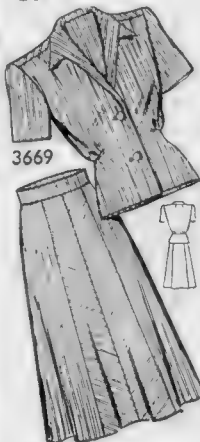
From time to time, Miss Belville received calls at her Wallington, Surrey, home from visiting continental clockmakers, who wanted to take a look at the perfectly made chronometer.

Many times in making the rounds of the jewelry and watchmaker shops, she received fabulous offers for the Sussex watch—but she turned them all down.

In her will, recently probated, she bequeathed the famous watch to the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers of the City of London.



3670



3669

American Weekly Patterns



3584

PATTERN 3670—Deep yoked shirtwaist. Sizes 16 to 20, 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3584—Befitted pinafore. Sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3669—Trim two-piece. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 35-inch fabric.

EACH PATTERN, together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

unvarying Quality



Miller's

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Legal to Smack Your Husband?

HITTING a husband is not a crime in Chicago—it is not even cruelty, provided he is strong enough to fight back.

Furthermore, a wife can kick, bite and scratch her spouse at will, and with impunity, unless he is a hopeless cripple and unable to raise a hand in his own defense.

The rolling pin had a field day recently in the Windy City and came off with flying colors along with finger-nails, teeth, books, wet dish towels and shoes. All of these are now considered fair weapons for husband-beating wives under startling new rules for the marital ring announced by Judge Cornelius J. Harrington and the Appellate court.

Pistol packin' mamas, however, had better not get the wrong idea about the decisions, since, offhand, it would seem that the judges' rulings still outlaw juke joint shootings, as such. So, until attorneys can check up on the full ramifications of the rulings, Frankies who have cheating Johnnies had better lay their pistols down. Apparently, the open season has been declared on able-bodied husbands, alone.

Non-invalid husband Edward McKewit, 56, got the smack of his life in Judge Harrington's court, where he asked for a divorce on the grounds that his wife bit his thumb, dealt him a terrific wallop with a heavy wet dish towel across the face and delivered a painful kick to his



Editorial Service

shins. All of these alleged offenses, he declared, added up to cruelty, and he demanded his freedom.

After hearing all the evidence Judge Harrington denied the divorce plea. None of the acts charged, he said, constituted cruelty.

McKewit ruled the judge, simply failed to protect himself. A wife cannot be cruel to her husband unless she places him "in danger of his life."

Before Chicago's contingent of discouraged hen-pecked husbands could recover from the impact of this decision, they were set back completely on their heels by an Appellate Court decision that "such slight acts" as kicking, biting, scratching and socking with books do not constitute wifely cruelty. If the husband is strong enough to return the attacks with "reasonable physical force," it all

The Old Illustration Above Shows a Wife-beater at Work. He Probably Was Punished—But Some Judges Have Little Sympathy for Husbands Who Get Smacked.



comes under the heading of good clean fun. Some years ago the Rev. W. Hamilton Aulenbach, rector of the congregation of Christ Church and St. Mi-

chael's in Germantown, a wealthy part of Philadelphia, gained nation-wide attention with a sermon advocating a wife's rights in "fighting back."

In complete agreement with the present-day views of the Chicago judges, the minister staunchly advocated that a wife should "fight back, verbally and physically."

FOLKS! GET MY RAINBOW VICTORY GARDEN

FRESH VEGETABLES AN' LOVELY "GLADS," TOO!

SAYS AUNT JENNY

SPRY OFFERS 6 KINDS OF CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS AND 5 GLADIOLUS BULBS

FOR ONLY 15¢

NO LABEL NEEDED

EASY TO GROW—GRAND TO EAT

TOMATOES. The famous Marlobe variety. Disease-resistant, early bearing, Plump, meaty, brilliant—gives a fine yield of delicious tomatoes.

BEETS. Early Tender—easy to grow, a favorite for home gardens. Tender, round, sweet-tasting—deep, rich red zoned with a lighter shade. The greens make grand eating, too!

SWISS CHARD. Lucullus. Handsome, easy to grow. High in Vitamin A. Leaves give tasty greens; cook stems like celery.

CARROTS AND RADISHES. Imperator and Scarlet Globe—extremely popular varieties. Carrots are long and slender; radishes—round, mild, deep red. Both in one packet for easy planting.

and RAINBOW GLADS. Pedigreed stock. Five healthy, freshly harvested bulbs from the famous Rainbow collection. Includes one novelty bulb not generally available before. Get gorgeous blooms, as many as 16 to a stalk.

HURRY—GET THIS AMAZING VALUE NOW

Feast on your own home-grown vegetables!

FOLKS, if you have a scrap of ground for a garden—or can get the use of a plot—you'll want to grow my Rainbow Victory Garden!

Offered to all Spry users

"I'm mighty proud that Spry's lettin' me offer you this big bargain in seeds, 6 choice hardy varieties of the vegetables you want most for good eatin' an' good health—an' 5 'glad' bulbs for beauty, too. The whole price is only 15¢. . . Spry doesn't even ask you to send in a label! Just send the coupon at the right.

"These seeds rate from 8 to 80 percent

higher than the federal law requires—so you can feel mighty confident they'll reward you with good crops.

You can be a Better Cook

"An' folks—make your family enjoy their meals more'n ever right now. Just turn to pure, all-vegetable Spry for all your bakin' an' fryin'. Get lighter cakes, delicious cookies an' hot breads—an' save ration points, too. See how every-one loves flaky, tender Spry piecrust! Fry the Spry way for crispy, digestible fried foods! Yes, sise—Spry can make you a better cook!"



CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

Aunt Jenny's Rainbow Victory Garden
Box 7, New York 8, New York

Enclose 15¢ in coin. Please send me your 6 packets of vegetable seeds (6 different vegetables) and 5 Pedigreed Gladiolus bulbs. Offer expires May 15, 1944.

Name _____
Please print in full

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Offer good only in U.S.A.

How Good a Parent ARE You?

Maybe You Don't Keep Junior in Little Lord Fauntleroy Suits to Disguise His Age—and Yours—But There Are Other Things You Probably Do That May Even Be Worse.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well Known Quiz Expert

IF you don't want your offspring to be a problem child, you'd better guard against being a problem parent. Here's how you can find out how much of a risk you're running. Answer these questions Yes or No, add up your Yes answers and then look in the lower right corner for the blunt truth about yourself.

- 1—Do you dress Junior in Lord Fauntleroy suits to pretend he's still very young, thereby making you eligible for the "younger married set"?
- 2—Do you infer to your children they've got to be bank presidents, or marry well so you'll be on Easy Street?
- 3—Do you say "Look it up for yourself, and you'll remember it better," when you're caught without an answer?
- 4—Do your children point at callers and discuss their failings?
- 5—Do you bore small fry by such yawners as, "Now when I was your age . . ." and "I can remember when . . . ?"
- 6—Do you have arguments and family fights in front of your children?
- 7—When your child pulls a cute one, do you proudly claim him as "MY child"—and when he's naughtily imply he's your husband?
- 8—Do you make your child take a panty-waist kid into his gang, insisting he must be a regular guy because his father is a real prominent lodge member?
- 9—Do you put your offspring among relatives, then discuss whether his nose resembles Uncle Joe's or his ears Aunt Etta's?
- 10—Do you

sound out your child on gossip about his friends' parents so you can repeat it to your bridge club?

11—Do you pick the moment your offspring is stuck on a tough math problem to remind him that "School days are one's happiest days"?

12—Because you wore hand-me-downs in your youth, do you force your children into Uncle Charlie's discarded coats and Aunt Agatha's petticoats?

13—Do you boast you were the home-run king of your school team, but disappear when your offspring wants to show you off to members of his baseball gang?

14—Do you try to talk your child out of toys he's got his eye on with, "You just think you want that?"

15—When your offspring asks for an explanation, do you say, "Just because I always know best?"

16—Do you let your children join in conversation, interrupting, contradicting and arguing with your friends?

17—Do you and your mate trot out your French and spell out words so your children won't understand you're planning to give them spinach and castor oil and keep them home from the circus?

18—When your child asks you a geographical poser do you tell him he's "too young" to understand?

19—Do you point out to him that his manners aren't nearly as good as those of his best friend—thereby making him want to take a shot at his friend?

20—Because you believe in sparing the rod, is all your child gets for breaking the neighbor's window, stealing jam and telling lies, a mild and ineffective lecture?

21—Do you baby-talk to your offspring, making the people think you're either in your second child-

hood or heading for Wildwood Manor for the Whacky?

22—When your child explains a complex chemical formula that you never learned do you say modern education is bunk and look what a success you are without it?

23—When your child comes from school do you bully him to do his homework until he finally throws his books aside and allows that education is not worth the effort?

24—Do you make your child your stooge by teaching him to misinform people you don't want to talk to on the phone and brush off salesmen you want to dodge?

25—Do you drag your child around while you shop, dangling him by one arm, and scolding him when he shows no interest in uplift brassieres and feminine foot fashions?

26—Do you leave young children alone in the house because "they might as well learn to take care of themselves"—and nothing'll happen anyway?

27—When you hear a crash do you take it for granted your offspring has broken some valuables and start scolding him?

28—When you wham your offspring with the hairbrush do you try to soft-soap him with, "It hurts me more than it hurts you?"

29—Do you ask with astonishment "MY child RUDE?"—as though it were inconceivable?

30—Whenever your offspring asks such posers as where do babies come from or what makes wars, do you say, "Ask your father—he'll tell you?"

31—After you've finished your side of a parental argument, do you stifle the opposition with "I'm just too tired to hear any more about it?"

32—Do you permit your children to leave toys and blocks where unsuspecting guests may fall over them?

33—Do you try to persuade your child to eat food he doesn't like by saying, "Carrots will make your hair curl," or "Spinach will make you big and strong like Daddy?"

34—Do you have the perverted sense of humor that makes you pretend you're going to give your child away to some casual visitor?

35—Do you give in out of sheer exhaustion when your child keeps begging for money to spend at the candy store and then wonder why he won't eat his dinner?

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE

If Your Score Is Between:

- 35 and 25—You must have had problem parents yourself.
- 25 and 15—Good enough for the average parent, but don't brag.
- 15 and 0—You ought to write a book on Parent Psychology.

Are You Guilty of Dragging Your Unwilling Child With You While You Shop for Feminine Fashions, and Scolding Him When He Rightly Protests?

Spirits Wanted Her Husband — So She Let Them Have Him

Although, Says England's Lady
M. P., It Was Really the Seerss,
Not the Spooks, That Stole the
Sugar King's Heart



MRS. MAVIS CONSTANCE TATE, M.P., is one of the busiest women in all England. She is so busy as a member of Parliament that it took her two years to discover that spirits had captivated her sugar-king husband—and another five years to realize that it wasn't the spirits he was sweet on, after all, but a sweet little spiritualistic medium, whose seances he had been studiously attending.

Since 1921, Mrs. Tate has been an attractive addition to the House of Commons as a petite brunette with wavy hair and an alluring smile. First elected as the Conservative member from Willesden, she changed to Frome, Somersetshire, which she still represents in Parliament.

Not even Lady Astor is more ardent in affairs of state. Mrs. Tate personally answers 100 letters a day from constituents. She sits on the bench as a justice of the peace. She tours the island to promote activities of the Red Cross. And since the war she hasn't missed a single sitting of Parliament, even looking after the interests of an absent colleague.

Her background is as distinguished as her record of winning political battles. With a notable family history, it is natural she would marry well, which she did when she selected Henry Burton Tate, scion of a wealthy sugar clan, as her second husband. That was in 1925.

The Tates lived happily until after she won her first election. In 1933, Mrs. Tate discovered that her husband was spending many evenings away from home. She inquired whether the reason was, as Mr. Tate said, business alone.

Mr. Tate was elusive. But she wormed it out of him. He had, he confessed, developed an absorbing interest in the future. Mrs. Tate allowed that she also had an interest in the future, but could contemplate it at home. Mr. Tate said his interest was proceeding along particular lines. In fact, he confided, he was probing into the future via crystal balls, table-knocking, spiritualism and fortune-telling in general.

Mrs. Tate didn't want to make an issue. She had her political reputation to consider. So Mr. Tate kept his rendezvous with the spirits and the mystics for the next five years.

Then the spirits began keeping Mr. Tate overnight. It became apparent

Mavis Tate,
Who Claimed
Her Husband
Couldn't
Keep His Eye
On the (Crystal)
Ball.



to Mrs. Tate that their fascination for her husband was so overpowering that he had virtually no time for his own fireside.

Tate explained to his M.P. wife that he had been told by the spirits that his marriage was a mistake.

Such a public figure as she, he said, was not for him. His true affinity was out of this world, tucked away in the spirits' dwelling place, awaiting that pulsating moment when he would be revealed to her and they might sail away on a purple cloud to the tinkles of nectar gasses and the soft chords of a harp concerto.

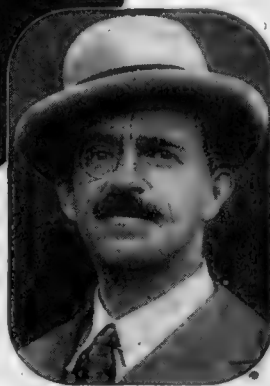
As a matter of fact, Tate went on, he couldn't wait for realization of that fetching look into the future. He already had formed an alliance spiritual and otherwise—with, naturally, a fortune-teller. She was, he said, one Gwen Edwards, who earned a livelihood with the crystal ball in quarters not far removed from the

Tate household in Cadogan Sq.

Tate said he thought the time had come when Mrs. Tate should divorce him. Mrs. Tate was shocked. She feared for her career and reflected upon the record she had built up with her constituents.

She won widespread notice by leading a campaign for better meals on the dinner tables, declaring that "half the problems of discontented homes would be solved if English wives understood cooking." That, of course, was a purely material, not spiritualistic, attitude and didn't cover the case of Mr. Tate.

In parliamentary discussions she



Henry Tate, According to His Wife,
Was Too Devoted to a Certain Fortune-Teller's Fortune-Telling.

championed birth control and advocated the cut-throat-falls for habitual criminals.

She had a lot of years of public favor behind her. Was she to sacrifice them in the scandal of divorce for a fortune-teller? But, finally, she said, and the other day, was granted a decree nisi in divorce court on the strength of testimony about her fortune-telling rival.

Miss Edwards, was quite philosophical about it all. She seemed to think the developments quite natural and absolved her "spirit" advisors, saying they had played no part in the romance.

"We have learned a great deal about the influence of spirits on our lives," she said. "But it is not to be expected that they will worry themselves unduly over the frailties and foibles and individualistic characteristics of mortal beings."

"The thoughts of the spirits are on greater things than that and I, for one, have never imagined that I should figure in their daily routine."

"What has happened between Mr. Tate and myself is, I suppose, only natural. It is certainly not supernatural. These things happen as a natural course."

"My fortune-telling is based, I believe, on certain scientific principles, coupled with certain known forms of clairvoyance."

"But never have I dared to forecast matters relating to domestic affairs or to dramas such as that into which Mr. Tate and I have been drawn."

"I am not talking as a qualified spiritualist or an expert in the occult when I say that I believe humans are expected to manage their own private affairs without seeking or hoping for the assistance of beings from the other world. We must take some responsibility in our private lives."

As far as Mrs. Tate was concerned, if the spirits wanted Mr. Tate they had him. Or if it was only the spirit of Miss Edwards, she had him. All Mrs. Tate hoped was that they (or Miss Edwards) were stuck with him.

Tate didn't defend his wife's action. Neither did Miss Edwards. They had their spirits and a nook where they could commune quietly.

"But how do you eat a shirt?"



1. **SUE:** That's your problem, pet. You said if that shirt shrunk you'd eat it. Well, it certainly shrunk. So start munching, mister!

WILL: Hey, hold everything. Would you put your only husband on a straight cloth diet for one shriveled shirt? After all, it's easy enough to gallop around the corner and buy some new ones.



2. **SUE:** Whoa, sweets, hold that gallop! Buying new shirts every time you turn around is plain wasteful. It takes valuable manpower and material to make shirts.

WILL: Well, clip my ration book! If you don't sound like a one-woman O.P.A. You don't want me to go around wearing shirts that *shrink*, do you?



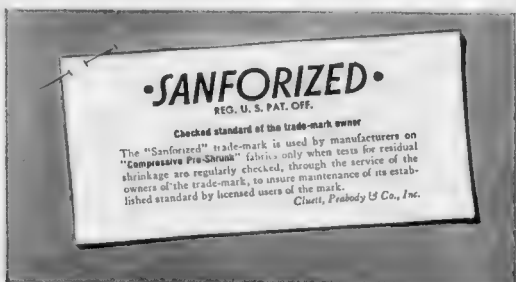
3. **SUE:** Silly Willy! Of course not. Just remember to look for the "Sanforized" label when you buy shirts. Fabrics labeled "Sanforized" can't shrink more than a measly little one per cent.

WILL: Oh, I get it! It's O.K. to grab myself a load of shirts just so they have the "Sanforized" label, eh?



4. **SUE:** Sweet William! You don't get it at all. In these days, it isn't patriotic to grab yourself a load of anything. If you really need shirts, it's all right to buy them. But *never* buy them unless they have the "Sanforized" label! That's the way to avoid waste. Catch on?

WILL: I catch.



5. **Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes...men's shirts, shorts, pajamas...women's sportswear, house dresses, slips...washables for boys and girls...slip covers and draperies.**



AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

THE biggest, strongest and most temperamental soldiers doing their bit in the Second World War wear no uniforms, prefer

The World's Biggest Soldiers—But They Quit Every Day

hax to G. I. rations, tip the scales at three or four tons, and refuse to work in the afternoon and evening.

They are Indian elephants and although some of them have tried to kill the Britisher who is their commanding officer—and who is affectionately known as "Elephant Bill"—none of them has been court-martialed.

When the Japs swept into the Malay Peninsula and Burma, hundreds of the big brutes were drafted for military service to build bridges and roads and tote supplies to jungle outposts where the toughest of horses and mules couldn't go.

Most of these ponderous privates in the British Elephant Corps were drawn from civilian life, but a few of them were the pampered pets of Maharajahs that found life in the army tough. Some of the palace elephants, in spite of their great bulk, have been sent back home with honorable discharges because they are too soft for army life.

Many a fighting man in Burma envies the behemoths that are doing their best to push the Japs back where they belong—because there's something about an elephant that makes more than four hours work a day downright distasteful.

The powerful beasts go to work at eight o'clock in the morning and quit promptly at noon. No amount of shouting and prodding with the hook of the mahout—the old Indian name for an elephant's jockey—will put him, or her, back to work.

The smart and temperamental animals spend the rest of the day bathing, eating or just loafing around. Where the loading of living land creatures got the notion that he couldn't live a full, rich, round life if he worked more than 28 hours a week is a mystery that the smartest naturalists can't explain.

Some 40 members of the elephant corps are working for the Japs as prisoners of

war. They tried to get away from the invaders, but after hours of shuffling through the jungle they were too tired to swim a river that would have brought them safely back to their base. The army elephants do a surprising amount of heavy



lifting and carrying—but, says Elephant Bill, "I have found it necessary to assure certain misinformed individuals that my four-legged workers cannot suck up tar and spray it on roads, or crank stalled trucks with their rubbery snouts."

lifting and carrying—but, says Elephant Bill, "I have found it necessary to assure certain misinformed individuals that my four-legged workers cannot suck up tar and spray it on roads, or crank stalled trucks with their rubbery snouts."



"Elephant Bill" Gets a Lot of Work Out of His Three- and Four-Ton Drafts, But They Refuse to Labor More Than Four Hours a Day and a Few of Them Have Tried to Kill Their Commanding Officer.

DEFEAT

Steeled with unsightly loose the annoyance of itching scalp

DANDRUFF

Enjoy lustrous, well-groomed hair by massaging your scalp daily with

JERIS

for loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

The American Weekly Is Sold From Coast to Coast

Special Offer All 4 Pkts 10c

Climbing Tomato
SAVE GARDEN SPACE
Determinate, fruit prolific in season, 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" and 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" in size. Also a number of other varieties of tomatoes for your garden or greenhouse.

Yd. Long Beans
An excellent variety with a very interesting curiosity. Beans are said to produce an enormous crop of long slender beans, 4 ft. long, that are of excellent quality for snap beans. Also very fine flavor.

Vine Peach
Ripe from 15 to 20 days. Rose-colored, round, smooth and firm. Grow on vines like melons. Beautiful, tempting appearance when eaten. Make delicious preserves, salad pickles. Bear for 2 or 3 weeks.

New Climbing Cucumber
Vines climb readily on trellises, 15 to 20 days. Cucumbers are small, round, firm and crisp. Grow on vines like melons. Beautiful, tempting appearance when eaten. Make delicious preserves, salad pickles. Bear for 2 or 3 weeks.

KEEP YOUR TOILET CLEAN Without Drudgery

Sani-Flush is specially made to clean toilet bowls quickly, easily. Removes ugly stains and the constantly forming, invisible film in which toilet germs lurk. Use at least twice a week. Removes a cause of toilet odors.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Doesn't injure toilet connections. (See directions on can.) No disagreeable scrubbing! No special disinfectants! Sold everywhere—in two handy sizes.

Sani-Flush
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS

SAVE VITAL FABRICS!
—and still keep home and wardrobe Fashionable!

Tintex World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES

Millions of clever women are conserving fabrics... making their precious things last longer and look better by restoring new colors to apparel and home decorations! Choose from 50 true, fashion-sweet shades! Also special Tintex dyes for curtains and linens. Tintex costs so little—yet does so much! Gives complete satisfaction in all your home-dyeing. Easy, quick, perfect results! Saves money! Buy Tintex today! Only 10¢ & 15¢ at drug, dept. & food stores!

EASIEST TO USE!
50 DURABLE COLORS!
PERFECT RESULTS!

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

BURNED
AN ALARMING THOUGHT TO A MOTHER!

Even a little burn hurts, even a little hurt deserves quick, pain-relieving, protective care.

It's reassuring to know that UNGUENTINE relieves the pain of minor burns and scalds... fights infection... and promotes healing, usually without a scar.

No wonder UNGUENTINE is "the first thought" in burns. Never, never be without it!

UNGUENTINE
A REASSURING WORD in First Aid!

A Norwich Product

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UNGUENTINE

A REASSURING WORD in First Aid!



Old Friends are Best when colds and sore throats threaten

THAT'S the time you appreciate your old standby, Listerine Antiseptic, more than ever. So often it can be such a help in fighting the bacteria related to colds.

Used early and frequently as a gargle it may help head off a cold entirely or keep it from getting serious. That goes, too, for simple sore throat which so often accompanies a cold.

Fewer Colds, Fewer Sore Throats for Listerine Antiseptic Users In Tests

There's an impressive lot of evidence to back this statement up. Over and over again, in tests made over a period of twelve years, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly every day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle.

Perhaps you wonder why The explanation, we believe, is simple.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up house-keeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold,

much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

Germs Reduced in Tests

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers, to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion". And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in smaller sizes.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**
for
countless little emergencies

MY FEET ARE JUST KILLING ME!

**DOCTOR'S FAST
CORN RELIEF**
SENDS PAIN FLYING
SPEEDILY REMOVES CORNS!



Stop suffering! The instant you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted; quick relief is yours. These thin, soothing cushioning pads ease tight shoes; prevent corns.

Separate special Medications are included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns or callouses. No other method does all these things for you. This complete scientific relief costs but a trifle. Made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Sore Toes between toes. Get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY IS THE MIGHTIEST OF MAGAZINES

28 February 20, 1944

No Relatives -Until He Left a Fortune

DURING his busy lifetime, John O'Connor, so far as anyone knew, never had a relative to his name, a fact as well known in Hastings, Nebraska, as John's fine reputation as a poor but expert cobbler.

That was before his death which occurred some 30 years ago. No one suspected the mild little man had a snug nest egg tucked away and when the amount—\$74,600—became known, so many bereaved "relatives" turned up to claim the fortune that O'Connor's family mushroomed suddenly into one of the largest in the State. Hundreds of "kinsmen" descended on Hastings to mourn his passing and, incidentally, to put in a bid for a sizable chunk of his estate, since John had left no will.

The legal battle raged for 30-odd years and ended recently when the State decided



against all claimants and made itself "heir".

During the long years of litigation, testimony so completely "changed" the character of the pleasant little shoemaker that District Judge Lewis H. Blackledge was moved to comment:

"By day, by month, their statements (those who claimed to be heirs) were heard and decisions given. John was described as an Irishman, an Indian, or a Swede, according to whose story you heard. He was listed as a Methodist, a Catholic or an atheist."

"All agreed he was a cobbler. But he was otherwise widely identified and the descriptions varied from that of an itinerant exhibitor of magic lantern slides to a school district treasurer in New York, a participant in Riel's rebellion and a murderer who had fled Canadian justice."

The Nebraska man's large "family" still falls short of the "cousins" who cropped up to claim a part of the fortune left by Mrs. Henrietta Edwardina Schaefer Garrett, who died in Philadelphia in 1930. Her estate turned out to be \$20,000,000. So many "Garretts" suddenly appeared—some 2,600—that it may be years before all their testimony is heard.



**Give
Your
Home
Lasting
Beauty**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as effective in removing stains.

For Easy-to-clean Elegance!

... Simoniz Your Furniture

Enjoy a home always inviting with its fresh gleaming beauty. Start using Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener... on your furniture, woodwork, refrigerator and other kitchen equipment. Yes, the same so famous for automobiles. Besides giving an exquisite luster Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener protect, preserve as well as keep finishes luxuriantly beautiful. That is why they are recommended by leading interior decorators and furniture manufacturers. So, get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your home. Do it today!

TO RESTORE LUSTER AND REMOVE STAINS

Clean all furniture, woodwork, etc., with Simoniz Kleener before applying Simoniz. It removes only scum, surface scratches, stains and hot plate marks.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.



Sold by grocery, auto accessory, hardware, drug, paint, department stores and service stations

How NOT to live alone...and like it!

It's the girl with the sparkle and pep who rates romance! Why not be that girl! See it just one Kent Vitamin capsule a day won't bring back your zip and make a difference in the way you feel and look! So potent a single capsule sup-

plies minimum daily requirement of A, B₁, D. Cost only 1¢ a day. If grocer can't supply, mail coupon.

Each capsule contains not less than:
4000 U. S. P. units VITAMIN A
333 U. S. P. units VITAMIN B₁
400 U. S. P. units VITAMIN D

A Food Supplement
AT YOUR GROCER'S!
Outstanding Value
OVER
7-WEEKS SUPPLY
ONLY 50¢



Couples Company,
Box 5075-F, Merchants Station,
St. Louis 2, Mo.
Please send me prepaid one 50-cent bottle of Kent Vitamins A, B₁, D, I enclose 50¢.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FEET "KILLING" YOU?

HERE'S REAL RELIEF!
When feet are tired and burn, bathe in Cuticura Soap suds. Massage with Cuticura Ointment. Then, use Cuticura Talcum. They're mildly medicated! For Fitch Ointment sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. 100, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA AP, TALCUM CHERRY

Mother!

DOES YOUR CHILD
SUCK THUMBS? BITE NAILS?

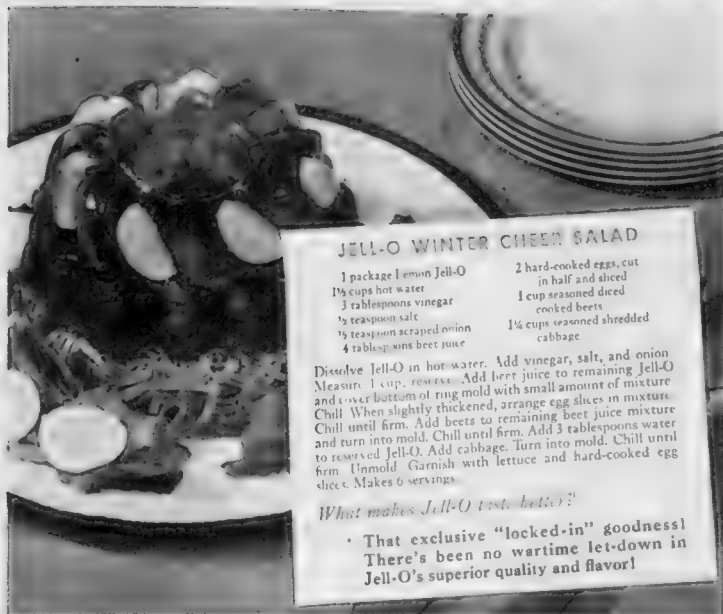


USE THUM 50¢ (AT ALL DRUG STORES)

EASY TO USE. APPLY LIKE NAIL POLISH.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"Use-and enjoy-every crumb,
every drop!" *Says Kate Smith*



JELL-O WINTER CHEER SALAD

1 package 1 lemon Jell-O
1½ cups hot water
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon scraped onion
4 tablespoons beet juice
2 hard-cooked eggs, cut
in half and sliced
1 cup seasoned diced
cooked beets
1½ cups seasoned shredded
cabbage

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar, salt, and onion. Measure 1 cup, reserve. Add beet juice to remaining Jell-O and cover bottom of ring mold with small amount of mixture. Chill. When slightly thickened, arrange egg slices in mixture. Chill until firm. Add beets to remaining beet juice mixture and turn into mold. Chill until firm. Add 3 tablespoons water to reserved Jell-O. Add cabbage. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with lettuce and hard-cooked egg slices. Makes 6 servings.

What makes Jell-O taste better?

• That exclusive "locked-in" goodness!
There's been no wartime let-down in
Jell-O's superior quality and flavor!



"HERE'S OUR BIG CHANCE to prove what
really smart housewives we are... Can
we cut waste? Make food fight for freedom
by using every crumb and every drop? And
yet keep the family feeling as royally fed as
ever?"

"Sure we can! And what a thrill we get out
of doing it!"

"Take this problem of having to serve the
same old foods too often. If the folks get tired
of 'em, they leave 'em. That's waste! So we
have to find new ways to make old stand-bys
more appealing."

Beets and Cabbage—but different!

"I'm guessing, for instance, that beets and
cabbage have been on your family's menu
often this winter. But oh, how different they'll
taste in this new Winter Cheer Salad, with its
zippy, appetizing blend of seasonings

"And how tempting they look, molded in
clear, shimmering Jell-O! The way a dish
looks does so much to wake up appetite, so
that folks will happily eat 'every crumb,
every drop'!"

This may surprise you...

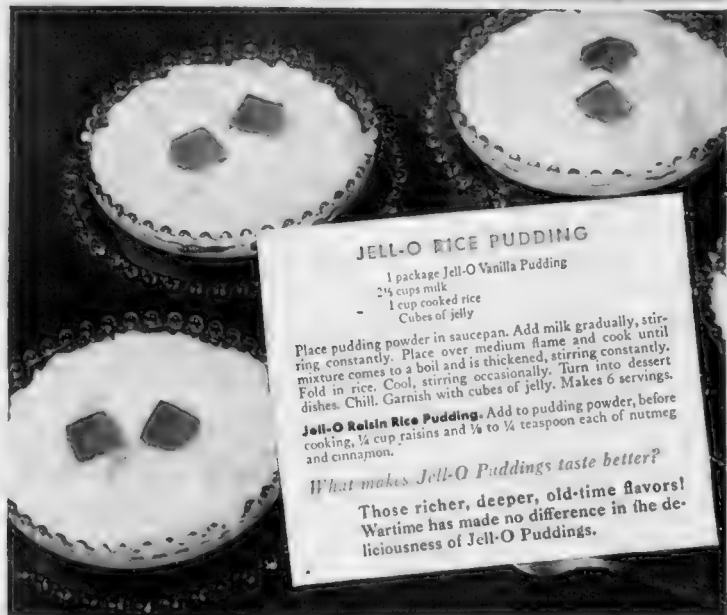
"My second recipe on this page shows a won-
derful new way to make creamier, fluffier,
more delicious Rice Pudding. And a way that
saves time, fuel, eggs, and sugar! What's more,
you can make it with left-over rice... How's
that for wartime thrift?"

"Notice that this wonder recipe starts with
Jell-O Vanilla Pudding. That's what gives you
such creamy smoothness, rich flavor, and
light fluffiness without eggs and long cooking.

"These days, when meals are often a bit
thin, you especially need nutritious, filling,
made-with-milk desserts. I hope you'll try
this one soon."

How to get your fair share

"I know how fast genuine Jell-O and Jell-O
Puddings go off your grocer's shelves these
days. Everybody seems to be wanting them—
and, of course, supplies have been limited by
sugar rationing. But every effort is being
made to distribute the supply fairly. Ask your
grocer to save your share for you!"



JELL-O RICE PUDDING

1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
2½ cups milk
1 cup cooked rice
Cubes of jelly

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stir-
ring constantly. Place over medium flame and cook until
mixture comes to a boil and is thickened, stirring constantly.
Fold in rice. Cool, stirring occasionally. Turn into dessert
dishes. Chill. Garnish with cubes of jelly. Makes 6 servings.

Jell-O Raisin Rice Pudding. Add to pudding powder, before
cooking, ¼ cup raisins and ¼ to ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg
and cinnamon.

What makes Jell-O Puddings taste better?

Those richer, deeper, old-time flavors!
Wartime has made no difference in the de-
liciousness of Jell-O Puddings.

JELLO

STRAWBERRY
RASPBERRY
LEMON
CHERRY



CHOCOLATE
VANILLA
BUTTERSCOTCH

**JELLO
PUDDINGS**

Be sure it's genuine Jell-O... look for the big
red letters on the box.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS

"Just like grandma's... only more so!"

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

Today Every Body must be a Fortress . . . fortified to

FIGHT!



Here's the
COMMANDO FRUIT
to Fortify Every Body with vitamin C

FRESH FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT rich in vitamin C that's given every Commando daily—for red-blooded vigor, strong muscles and bone... No wonder it's called the **COMMANDO FRUIT**! No wonder over a billion juicy Florida Grapefruit are ordered by Uncle Sam to supply allied attacking forces with this precious Victory Vitamin!

Even tho' you cannot get the marvelous training that helps make Commandos such towers of strength, you can—and must—get the vitamin C that Commandos get every day.

The Commando Fruit is a Fighting Man's Food—a wonderful food for every man, woman, and child—for all of Fighting America's millions!

-  **FIGHT Infections!**
-  **FIGHT Fatigue!**
-  **FIGHT Colds!**
-  **FIGHT Weakness!**
-  **FIGHT Absenteeism!**



Flavory juice in tall glasses, refreshing grapefruit salad, grilled grapefruit, grapefruit cup, big bowls of cut-up fruit—there are dozens of delicious ways of serving vitamin C. But no matter how you serve it, be sure you don't forget that vitamin C can't be stored in the body . . . so be sure to serve it some way every day!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, Lakeland • Florida



Fresh  **FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT**
Rich in "Victory Vitamin C"

OVEN WISE

by Betty Crocker



ORANGE SHORTCAKE

with hot orange sauce.
Sounds delicious, and is! Try to make, thanks to Bisquick... For your shortcake biscuits:

2 cups Bisquick
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup liquid (about half each of orange juice and milk)

Mix according to biscuit directions on the pack. Cut with 2-inch cutter. Split. Serve warm, with orange sauce and hot orange sauce between layers and on top. 6 to 8 servings. HOT ORANGE SAUCE:

Combine 3 tbs. Gold Medal Flour
6 tbs. Sugar ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup + 2 tbs.)

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Salt
1 tbs. Grated Orange Rind

Add 1 cup Orange Juice gradually

Stir until smooth. Cook slowly until thickened (about 5 min.), stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add 1 tbs. lemon juice.

● **JUST ADD LIQUID** to Bisquick for biscuit! Use milk for regular biscuits. Also dumplings, meat pie toppings. Quick 'n' easy directions on package. Also for pancakes, waffles, muffins, etc. And Bisquick is calamity-proof!

BROILING MEAT PATTIES? Heat cooked green beans under broiler rack to catch meat drippings. No butter necessary. No same with corn when broiling ham, say my staff.

● **SHORTENING** in Bisquick. Pure vegetable shortening. Also baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. Six ingredients!

A **RELISH** that's different. Delicious, too. Crisp raw turnip strands try them. I provide vitamin C as well as refreshing crunchiness.

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 607, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

* Bisquick and "Betty Crocker" are registered marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

MILLIONS HERE EXPECTED ATTACK

It happens every year. There is always a time when it seems like everybody has a cold attack. At this time be prepared, and remember Penetro, a salve with modern medication in a base containing same kind of old-fashioned mutton suet grandma used. Works 2 ways (1) inside, Penetro's vapors soothe and comfort, help reduce nasal congestion. (2) Outside, Penetro acts like a helpful plaster and stimulates circulation. Only 25c. Double supply 50c. Get Penetro.



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St. Joseph ASPIRIN

STOP - WEAR A RUBBER SQUARE
Ever-Ready Oil

32 February 20, 1944

Housewife's Food Almanack



For A Menu "Pepper-Upper"

Try Some Peanut Butter

By MRS. CLARENCE NORWOOD
San Angelo, Texas

LIVER CAKES

"THE following recipe for liver cakes is one that never fails to please my family," writes Mrs. Hilda Hauer of Los Angeles, California. "I originated it as a result of trying to make my family enjoy liver instead of just eating it because it was good for them."

1 teaspoon grated onion
Seasoning to taste

"Put liver through coarse knife of meat grinder. Add onion, egg and seasonings. Mix well and drop by spoonful into hot bacon grease from which you have cooked bacon to serve with cakes. Brown well on both sides. Serves two people generously."

(Mrs. Hauer, your liver cakes were enjoyed by everyone who tried them in the Test Kitchen. — Mary Lee Swann.)



HADDOCK IN CREAM

"WHENEVER my grandmother had company for dinner, she always liked to serve them haddock in cream, as a special treat," writes Mrs. Ward C. Jervis, Somerville, Massachusetts. "Here's the recipe:

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds haddock
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon or less prepared mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
Small onion

"Wipe haddock with damp cloth and place in 2 quart baking dish. Mix lemon juice, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper and spread over fillets.

"Place onion, cut, in baking dish, and pour cream over all. Bake about 25 minutes at 400 degrees. Garnish with parsley and serve in its own sauce."

(Mrs. Jervis, we asked a group of men to sample Grandma's Baked Haddock. They seemed to think it very fine. — Mary Lee Swann.)

CHEESE PEPPERS FOR A SUPPER DISH

"HERE'S a new and different way I discovered to fix peppers," writes Mrs. Evelyn W. Groves, Laconia, New Hampshire. "Everyone likes it."

"Cut off a slice from the stem end of the pepper, as many as you need (this recipe is for four), and remove the seeds. Parboil two minutes in salted water and drain.

"Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and paprika to taste. Fill the pepper shells with this mixture.

"Cover each filled shell with grated cheese and bake for twenty minutes in a 350 degree oven."

(Mrs. Groves, your Cheese Peppers are easy to prepare and make a tasty main dish for a light supper. — Mary Lee Swann.)



HASHBURGERS

"HASHBURGERS cook while you boil the coffee and make the salad," writes Mrs. Burdette Dunn, San Antonio, Texas. "Dip three or four slices of either fresh or stale bread in water, squeeze the water out and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of hamburger, one egg, one grated onion, 2 or 3 tablespoons of catsup, and salt and pepper to taste.

"You may stop right there and still have a grand dish, but if you have a few leftover spoons of corn or peas or beans, mix them in, too. Therein lies the 'hash' of these burgers. Form into fat patties and fry like hamburgers."

(Mrs. Dunn, your economy "quickies" pleased the group of busmen we tried them for us. They are easy to prepare and served up flavor that most diets usually lack. With

pan about 1 inch apart. Let rise until double in size. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes or until brown.

You will find these rolls a treat for school children and so easy to fix when making the supper rolls.

Peanut Butter Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup, either white or dark
1 egg

Sift flour and measure; sift again with soda, baking powder, salt. Cream shortening, blend in peanut butter. Add sugar cream well.

OLD FASHIONED TASTY BEAN PIES

"THIS pet recipe I am sending is so simple," writes Mrs. Laura Horn, Trenton, New Jersey.

"These 'little baked bean pies' are a great favorite with my family.

"Prepare enough biscuit dough from $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 3 tablespoons of shortening, and slightly over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk.

"Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt; add shortening and mix with a fork. Add milk to make dough soft enough to roll out. Roll the dough in pieces to fit over muffin tins on the outside and bake in a hot oven.

"While the shells are



then add the corn syrup and beat for a minute. Add egg and beat well. Blend in the flour. Chill for about hour. Shape by teaspoonfuls into small balls; place on greased cookie sheet and mash with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes or until golden brown. Store in airtight container to retain their crispness.

Try adding a teaspoonful of peanut butter to each bowl of potato and onion soup. You will find it to be a really swell soup.

I often use peanut butter and bacon and olives as a sandwich spread or peanut butter and jelly or cranberry sauce.

I have truly found that peanut butter and peanuts are a welcome addition to my pantry shelf.



baking, mash one pound of baked beans, home canned or from the delicatessen, and brown $\frac{1}{2}$ a green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ a medium sized onion in a little fat and add to the beans with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs and seasoning to taste. A little catsup may be added if you like. Heat this mixture on the stove and serve in the little pie shells."

(Mrs. Horn, your little bean pies are excellent. — Mary Lee Swann.)



LEMON SHORT CAKE

"WHEN my mother was first married, way back in the 80's, her sister-in-law gave her this recipe for lemon shortcake," writes Mrs. Alfred T. Knudson, San Antonio, Texas. "It was always Dad's favorite dessert, and soon became the whole family's special treat, so now, wherever my sisters and I go, we ask people if they've ever eaten lemon shortcake, and always get the answer, 'no.' Aunt Mary's recipe for this seems to be the only one in existence, and I'd like to pass it along.

"Make your favorite shortcake and then make the following filling. (The baking powder biscuit shortcake is preferable to the sponge cake type.)

"Make a hard sauce of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and 1 cup powdered or granulated sugar. (Aunt Mary always used the granulated.) Cream the butter well with the sugar, and add the grated rind and the juice of 1 lemon, and mix thoroughly.

"While the shortcake is still piping hot, cut into desired pieces, split each piece and spread generously with the lemon hard sauce. Make a big pot of coffee and call your family and friends. They'll love it!"

(Mrs. Knudson, your Shortcake is easy to make. We used our best baking powder biscuit foundation and the beautiful flaky biscuits were served piping hot with the fluffy lemon sauce. — Mary Lee Swann.)

HAVE YOU A \$10 PRIZE WINNING RECIPE?

If so it belongs right here on this page. Send in your original recipes today. Perhaps one or more will win \$10 in cash or War Savings Stamps if selected by the judges. No recipe can be returned. Address THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK, BOX 191, GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK CITY.



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



"It keeps my whole bathroom looking its best!"

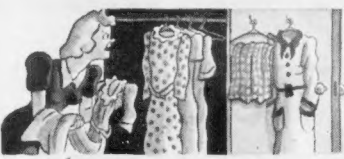
Here's why Bon Ami gives bathtubs, basins and tiles such a bright, smooth, "polished" look! Bon Ami does not depend on scratchy grit or strong alkalis for its cleansing qualities. Yet— as soft and white and fine as Bon Ami is—it's exceptionally thorough. Actually polishes as it cleans! No wonder it's such a favorite with women everywhere!

Bon Ami
for bathtubs, sinks



THESE LABELS WILL HELP YOU SAVE FAT

Colorful "Nazi-Jap Eraser" labels to paste on the containers used to collect fat will be sent to you with the compliments of the Almanack if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The American Weekly, Room 901, 255 East 45th Street, New York City.



Cleaners late with your dress?
All your others a mess?
Mad 'cause now you must press?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH LIPTON'S!



LISTEN! FOLKS SAY I'M A FINEER TEA! THEY LIKE MY WONDERFUL, SLOW-RIPENED FLAVOR—I'M RICHER, I'M MELLOW, I'M BETTER-TASTING.

"THAT'S WHY PEOPLE DRINK MORE OF LIPTON'S THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF TEA!"

LIGHTEN HOUSEWORK WITH PROPER LIGHTS



By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MIDWINTER, when outside visibility is poorest, and when bad weather forces more of us to stay indoors, is an excellent period to look to our home lighting and make sure that our fixtures are fitted with bulbs of the correct wattage. Twilight, or dim light of any type, is the "danger hour" for eyes occupied at close work, such as studying, sewing, piano playing, or drawing.

The first rule of good lighting is to avoid glare and harsh shadows. Shade all bulbs. Be sure shade is deep enough to cover the bulb, and made of sufficiently heavy material to conceal the outline of the bulb. A bare, unshaded bulb at the end of a cord is the worst of all bad lighting.

Avoiding Eyestrain

Shadows lead to eyestrain if they are too sharp. They are often caused by the old-fashioned "gooseneck" or bridge lamp which confines light to one spot, leaving the rest of the room in semi-darkness.

Place the light where it is most needed. Some tasks—and some eyes—require more light than others. It has been found that a minimum of 100 watts in a table lamp is needed for comfortable reading, sewing and other close work. Adjust the lamp so the light is thrown on the work surface. Provide enough lamps so that each person can independently do his own work with ample light.

Directing the Light

Direct the light correctly, depending on whether you are right or left-handed. Thus, if you are right-handed, it is important to have the light placed at your left; do just the opposite if you are left-handed.

Place lamps for better "see-ability." On a flat-top desk, set the lamp to front, near desk blotters. Move dressing table lamps in from the edges of the table to get more light on your face; lower wall "pin-up" lamps

closer to hand work. Now as to the shade shielding the light: whenever possible select a flared shade for a table lamp in preference to a drum-shaped one. A flared shade spreads the light over a wider area, whereas the drum shade hugs and limits the light around its base.

Again, don't have a shade which is lined with a dark color, no matter how decorative it may appear. The dark shade is a "light robber," and it has been found that a white or an ivory lining yields about 50 per cent more light.

Keep Bulbs Clean

Keep all lamp bulbs and shades clean. On house-cleaning days don't forget the lamps! A clean shade or a well washed, dust-free reflector will provide from 20 to 50 per cent more light. Wash a reflector in tepid soapy water, and dry thoroughly inside and out. Wipe glass of all bulbs with damp, soapy rag, and dry with clean cloth. Do this often!

Use your cleaning tool attachment on silk or other textile shades; or use a very soft brush, never a harsh cloth that may break the silk or rayon fibres. If the inside of a parchment shade has become dark with age (it cannot be washed), then apply a coat of flat white paint over it. If the inside of the shade seems oily, apply one coat of shellac and two of flat white.

When bulb becomes blackened, remove to a closet or other location where it will be only seldom or intermittently used; a blackened bulb can waste much light—and increase your bills. A bulb such as this affords improper lighting and is dangerous to the sight of those who try to work or read by it; however, it may be used in the closet or cellar or attic storeroom to advantage.

Proper Insulation

Check your house wiring frequently. Make sure that there are no frayed cords attached to your lamps, as this is one of the greatest fire hazards with which a housewife must contend. All plugs should be checked for shorts. A spark when a plug is connected or disconnected is a danger sign!



Next Week

HID HER SECRET SWEETIE IN A COFFIN

READ how an ingenious English housewife hid her lover, a French doctor, in a cellar "cuffa," luxuriously furnished with light, food and even a speaking tube—where he might have remained for the duration had not his jealousy of "another man" betrayed him. . . .

in the February 27 Issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Squirt GIVES YOU GO!



You'll really Go for Squirt in a big way every day. Bubbbling with life, Squirt's the fresh, satisfying grapefruit drink, carbonated just right for thirst and entertaining guests. Squirt really Gives You Go! Try it! **PARTIES GO BETTER WITH SQUIRT!** The perfect drink to be having tonight, forever!

Good housewives, hark to this good news



Here's speedy cure for cleaning blues



When Soilax cleans your walls & floors



You're quickly through your household chores



Get **SOILAX** at Hardware, Paint, Variety and Department Stores. Economical Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN

Do This for Quick Relief Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the itchy skin become soft and smooth? Get a 25¢ or 50¢ jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease tormenting itch and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

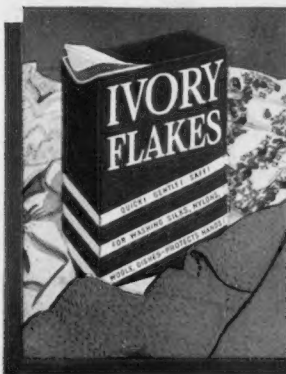
The American Weekly Is Tops



"WHEN HENRY WIRES: 'Have weekend pass and key to Hal's apartment', I dash for the next bus," says War Bride Mrs. Henry Allan Keeler, who hails from Denver. "So I keep my clothes pretty and ready-to-go with Ivory Flakes care. Chances for finding trousseau replacements these days are pretty slim—and so is Henry's Army pay. That's why I aim at twice the wear for the nice things I have!"

"My trousseaus ready for marching orders!...I know about

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"



"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," says Mrs. Keeler. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Dozens of wash tests on dresses, blouses, sweaters, lingerie, housecoats prove pretty washables give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. They're kind to your other precious sudables, too—stockings, curtains, girdles, table linens!

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO! I do," says Mrs. Keeler. "You're probably wasting soap without knowing it. Don't do it! Soaps use vital war materials. Measure Ivory Flakes in a cup or glass. Add carefully to lukewarm water and swish 'em up! Even a small amount of Ivory Flakes, the flake form of baby's mild Ivory, will give you a big bowlful of velvety suds."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way, helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Found a \$200,000 Diamond -And They're Broke

THREE of the luckiest—and most unhappy—men in the world are headed back into the hills of Venezuela

to find out if Lady Luck will smile on them again, as she did in 1942.

This trio of prospectors spent years picking up a million worthless pebbles, more or less, before they stumbled on a diamond weighing 155 carats. The world soon knew that James Hudson, Rafael Solano and Israel Jaime had struck it rich. The superbauble was dubbed the Libertador and eventually found its way to a New York diamond merchant who paid \$200,000 for it.

People envied the discoverers of one of the most valuable chunks of crystal-clear carbon found in years—and wondered what they were going to do with all that money. They needn't wonder any more: the boys are on their uppers.

Like many another man who hits the jackpot, these gravel sifters couldn't stand prosperity. They muffed their big chance and their reward was never what the world thought it was.

In the first place they got only \$22,100 of the \$250,000 sale price. The rest went to agents and others who interested themselves in turning the uncut gem into hard cash. In the second place the prospectors plunged into a series of poor investments and tossed a lot of dough around in the hotspots of Caracas. The latest inventory of their liquid assets showed that their fortune had melted to a mere \$800—and they still have some bills to pay.

So the three improvident musketeers of the Venezuelan diamond country are back in their working clothes headed for the hills of Gran Sabana. They're a little puzzled about what happened to them, but they think there may be another big "rock" to be picked up. If they find it—and have learned their lesson—their next lucky strike won't leave them befuddled and empty-handed.

Nobody likes to be a "STUFFY" SAM!



USE **MISTOL DROPS**

WITH OR WITHOUT EPINEPHRINE
Helps soothe irritated nasal passages. Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due to a cold.

CAUTION: Use only as directed

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The view isn't much but you'll notice the bulb is marked G-E!

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The Creed of G-E RESEARCH



G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Do you know that today's G-E bulbs are nearly 10 times brighter than Edison's first lamp?

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song



Meet lovely Nancy Meloch, aged six. She attends St. Agnes Seminary in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her hobby is tap dancing, and the two lessons she takes weekly are rapidly making her a splendid performer.

Now my Mom whistles while she washes because Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT



GEE, GOLLY, MOTHER! WHAT THICK SUDS! THEY LOOK LIKE WHIPPED CREAM!



DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU WANT TO WHISTLE "RIN-SO WHITE" JUST TO LOOK AT THIS SNOWY WASH? AND THE WASHABLE COLORS ARE SO GLEAMING BRIGHT, TOO!

AVOID SOAP WASTE

- 1 Measure Rinso carefully: Don't waste it.
- 2 Do a full load of wash;
- 3 Use only enough Rinso to keep 2 to 3 inches of suds;

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Tune in every Friday evening over the NBC Network. It's an entirely new show. Hilariously funny!





All news from home is big news to your soldier overseas. Write him V-Mail today. And let Parker Quink help to make every word readable!

TICKETS TO HOME—your letters prove that dear and familiar things aren't really as far away as the atlas says.

So keep writing to your fighting lad overseas. Tell him about dad's tussle with the seed catalogs . . . and Betty's new war job. Tell him how proud the neighborhood youngsters are of him . . . and how you finally found those sneakers he was looking for. What you say isn't nearly as important as the fact that you write!

For speed and safety, use the only kind of overseas mail that always goes by air—V-Mail. No extra postage is required. Yet it has priority over all but official communi-

cations. More than 115,000,000 V-Mail letters have been carried to our fighting men without a single loss!

Official V-Mail letter forms may be obtained at any stationery counter. It is wise to write all your V-Mail with "Micro-film Black" Quink. For this brilliant, all-purpose ink photographs an intense black. Remember, V-Mail letters are delivered to your lad $\frac{1}{4}$ the size you write them.

Let's make March America's month of heroes. Write V-Mail letters regularly to your young hero overseas.

Be sure to give full name, rank, serial number, unit or service organization (Company, etc.), and APO number.

For V-Mail and every use . . . brilliant Parker Quink!



"Micro-film Black" Quink writes black . . . stays black . . . permanently readable. Ideal for V-Mail and every use. It assures clean-cut photographic reproduction.

Parker Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 15¢ and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

Mounting pen shortages focus attention on protective Parker Quink. Every bottle, whatever its color, contains a special ingredient, *solv-x*. This *solv-x* acts in your pen to safeguard it against wartime failure. It prevents the corrosion of metal and the deterioration of rubber which high-acid inks always bring on. It cleans the feed and eliminates clogging and gumming.

Parker Quink is ideal for use with steel pens, too. Brilliant, full-bodied, smooth.

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



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